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NOVEMBER 13, 1981

. F. Buckley Jr. on
FILM THEY WON'T SHOW
—see page 1372

NATIONAL REVIEW

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The Grey/Lurid World Of The

TRILATERAL COMMISSION

Richard Brookhiser

Also In This Issue:

Brian Crozier on Sadat ♦ John Reidy offers a Modest Proposal for Northern Ireland
John Simon reviews 'Chariots of Fire' and 'The French Lieutenant's Woman'
Plus Chamberlain, Hart, Mano, Sobran, Williamson, & Wilson

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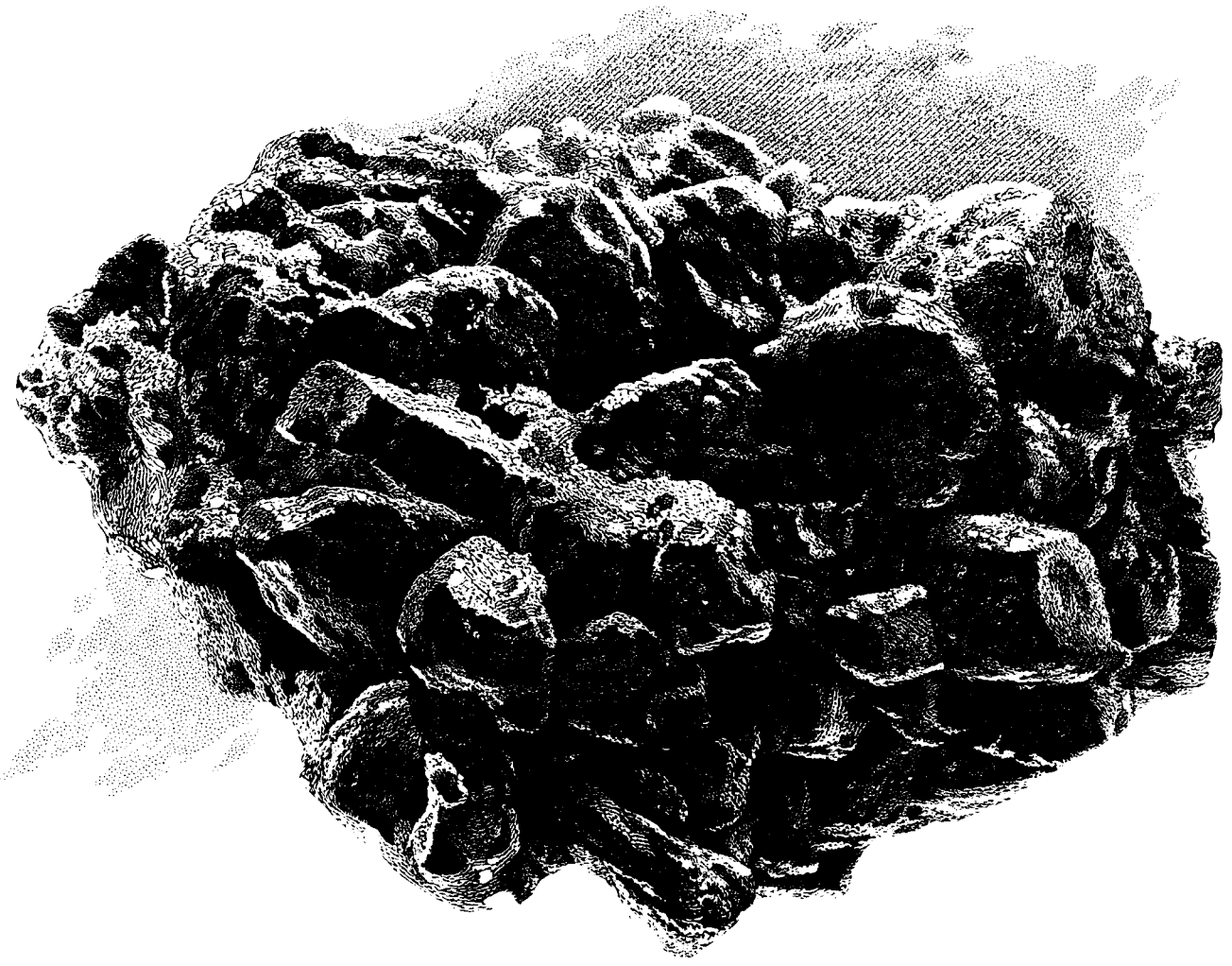

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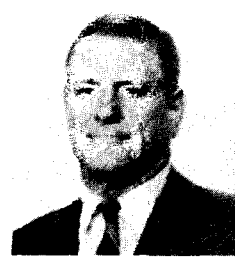

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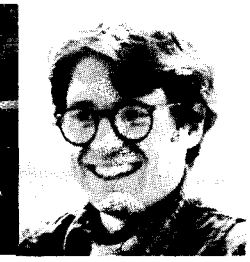

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Special Report

1328 The Grey/Lurid World of the Trilateral Commission

David Rockefeller, Cyrus Vance, Andrew Young, Zbigniew Brzezzzzzzzzz . . . such are the crewmen of the brave ship *Trilateral* . . . seeking global perspective, extrapolating from present trends, mumbling of national planning and rapid transferrals of information and advanced analytical methods and defining ecological and cultural objectives . . . while elsewhere, anti-cabalists of the far Right decode all this and discover messages from Moscow . . . Strange. Very strange.

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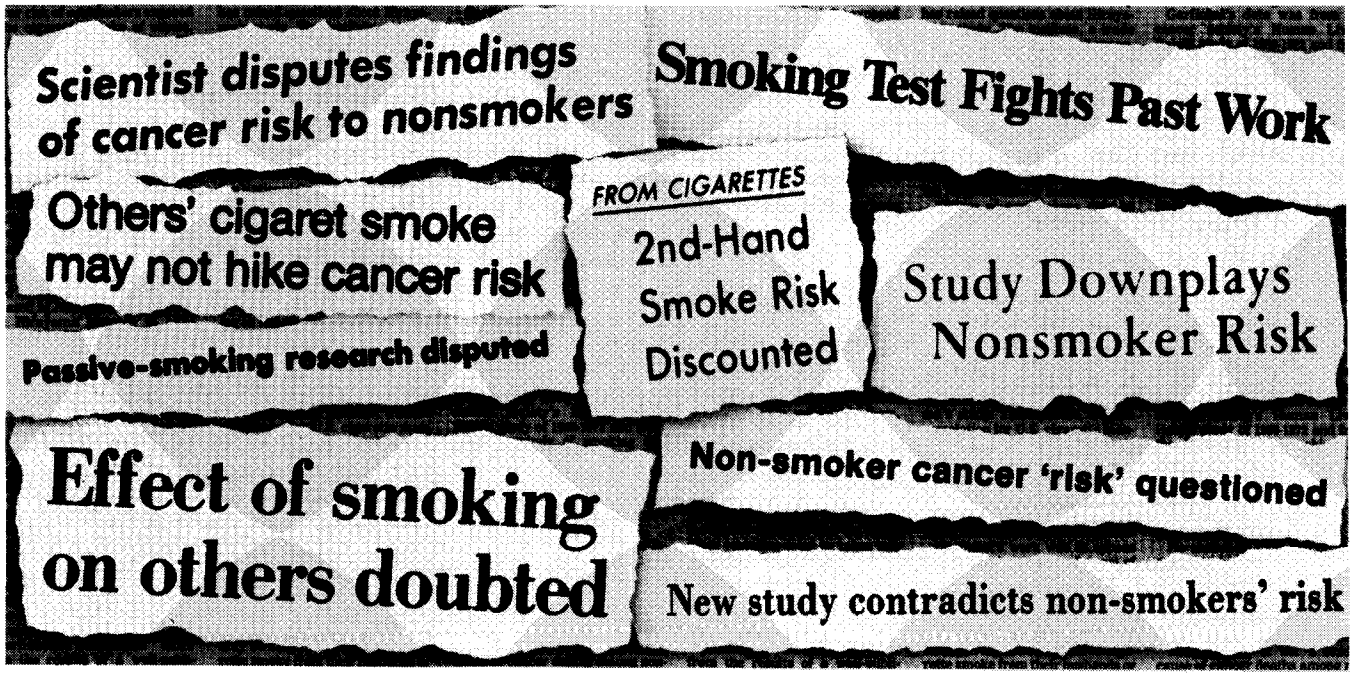
HERE'S WHAT'S NOW BEING SAID ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S CIGARETTE SMOKE.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Smoking Test Fights Past Work
Others' cigaret smoke may not hike cancer risk
Passive-smoking research disputed
FROM CIGARETTES
2nd-Hand Smoke Risk Discounted
Study Downplays Nonsmoker Risk
Effect of smoking on others doubted
Non-smoker cancer 'risk' questioned
New study contradicts non-smokers' risk

Several months ago, headlines around the world trumpeted alarming news. A Japanese study was claiming that non-smoking wives of smokers had a higher risk of lung cancer because of their husbands' tobacco smoke. That scared a lot of people and understandably so, if this claim was the last word.

But now new headlines have appeared. First, because several apparent errors are reported to have been found in the Japanese study—raising serious questions about it.

Second, because Lawrence Garfinkel, the statistical director of the American Cancer Society who is opposed to smoking, published a report covering 17 years and nearly 200,000 people in which he indicated that "second-hand" smoke has insignificant effect on lung cancer rates in nonsmokers.

For more information on this important public issue, write Scientific Division, The Tobacco Institute, 1875 I St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

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Letters

Bee-havior

Thomas Wendel's account of the events leading up to the battle of Yorktown in 1781, and the commanders involved, is beautifully written ["Two Hundred Years Ago We Won Our Independence," Oct. 30]. We could use a little of the same skillful explication applied to the 1981 Battle of Yorktown. The *Washington Post* quotes François Mitterrand as he stood looking out at the battlefield: "The aspirations of the people of the world today are just as legitimate as those of our ancestors. We who govern our nations in this difficult time must understand these aspirations. Let us act so that their message is heard before it is too late." Comments the *WP*, "Mitterrand's words appeared aimed at the Reagan Administration's lack of support for revolutionaries in El Salvador and other Latin American nations." As the poem Mr. Wendel uses for an epigraph put it, "If buttercups buzzed after the bee/ . . . Then all the world would be upside down."

Jonathan Spenser
Lawrenceville, N.J.

The No-Risk Society

Your item about the judge in Pontiac, Michigan who awarded a family $250,000 in workers' compensation as a result of the death of the head of the family after he had had sexual relations with a female co-worker in her apartment ["The Week," Aug. 7] is most interesting because it shows that we are now living in a "free-ride society," not a "free society."

What your item did not mention is that when the owner of the company that employed the deceased asked the other employees to sign a release absolving him from legal responsibility for any harm that might occur to them during sexual acts, they allegedly told their union that they would not sign their rights away.

What rights? What they would be signing is an assurance that they would not be tempted to violate their reason, sense of decency, and self-respect. It is a rotten day for society when people must be asked to sign an agreement reminding them that they are human beings.

Monroe Rubinger
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Northern Ireland

"There you go again . . ." Brian Crozier's "The Irish Mess" [Oct. 16] is the latest example of your one-sided coverage of the situation in Northern Ireland. By now, we well know where Mr. Crozier's feelings lie. He represents the intransigent Tory view that wanted to hold on to the empire in India and Rhodesia. He neither understands nor wants to understand the grievances of the nationalist minority in that artificial entity called Northern Ireland, Britain's last colony. His latest "solution" —that "terrorists and guerrillas can be defeated by resolute military action"—is, of course, wrong on the basis of all recent experience, but it is just what we might expect from a man of his background and viewpoint. So be it—he is entitled to his view.

However, I submit that you, as intelligent conservatives, are *not* entitled to make such a continuous one-sided presentation of this problem. The "Communist-terrorist" slogan just won't wash in Northern Ireland.

For example, the *Boston Globe* of September 28, 1981 reported that Scotland Yard's experts on terrorism do not believe in the "consortium of terror" theories which so appeal to NATIONAL REVIEW and Mr. Crozier. Specifically, of the IRA, a former commander of Scotland Yard's Special Branch, Rollo Watts, is quoted as saying, "There has never been any evidence of support from the Soviet Union. . . . The Irish Republic is a cause to itself." (Incidentally, why was this story not carried in the New York press?)

The "non-lethal" rubber bullets used by the British Army in Northern Ireland, by the way, were not used in the recent riots in England because the responsible police considered them too lethal for their alleged "crowd control" purposes. But the Irish were always subject to different rules.

A. R. Doyle
Valley Cottage, N.Y.

Air-Traffic Control

As a Judicial Delegate of the Conservative Party in the 80th AD and as a fired air-traffic controller, I read with great interest Mr. Kilpatrick's article, "They Struck a Blow for Tyranny" [Oct. 2]. I commend him for presenting one of the most accurate accounts of the PATCO strike that I have read to date. However, I take exception to a follow-up letter by D. Rothenbuecher ["Letters," Oct. 16]. It was very difficult for me to go against my conservative philosophy and participate in this strike, but the issues are much deeper than the pay raise and shorter work week. I am a former corporate pilot who, like Mr. Rothenbuecher, had an antagonistic attitude toward controllers. This comes naturally in an environment where pilot and controller judgments often conflict. However, when I became a controller four

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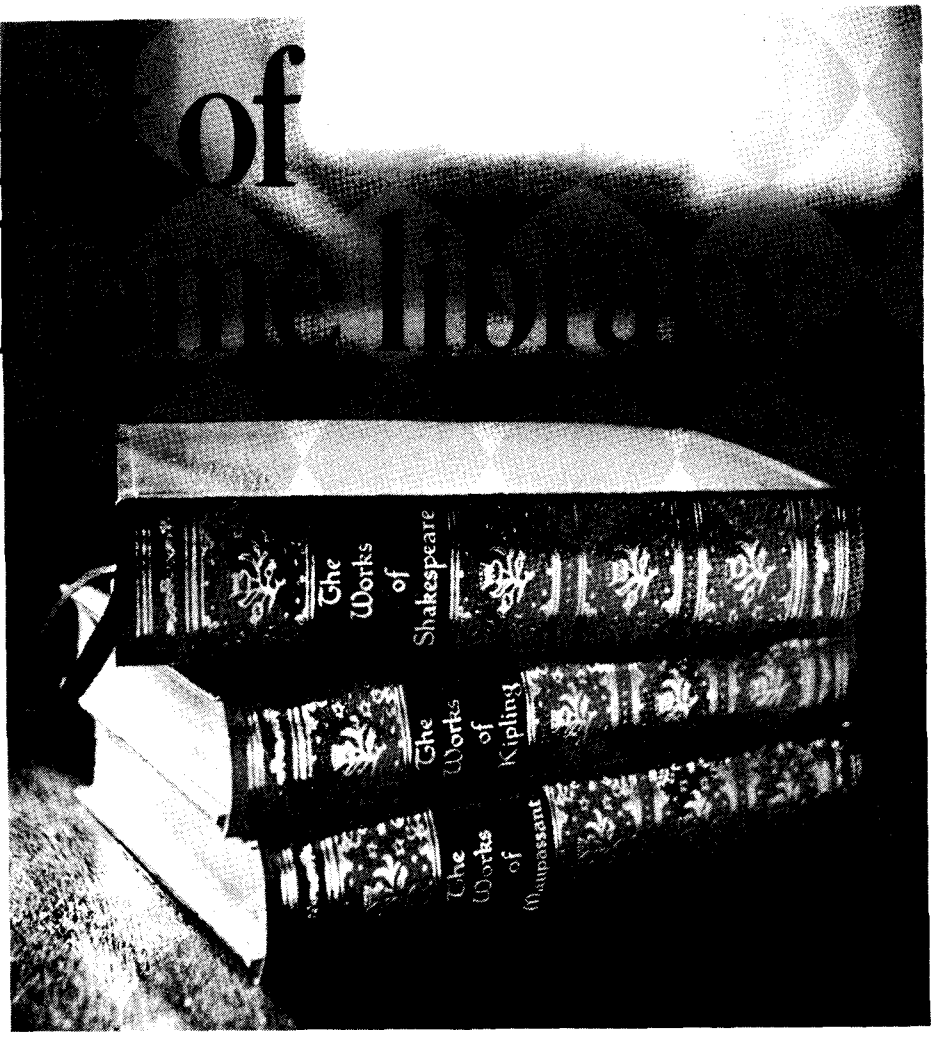

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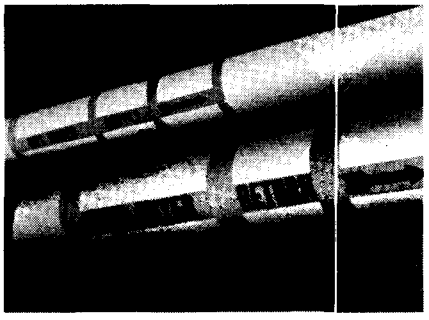

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years ago, I was stunned by the complexity and pressure of the profession. After three and a half years of training, I became qualified at the New York TRACON. This training period is approximately twice the time it takes for a naval aviator to receive his wings. Yet, with all the complexity and responsibility, I found that the attitude of the FAA toward controllers was much the same as Mr. Rothenbuecher's. I found this incomprehensible.

When I was a naval officer, I was taught that the first priority was mission accomplishment, followed closely by the welfare of your men. In the FAA I found no regard either for my welfare or for that of my fellow professionals. The need for change is precisely why I went on strike. Now, almost three months later, I am still out of work and my three children will not see a happy Christmas. I can, however, say that if I had to I would do it again. I sincerely believe that our grievances were valid and have yet to be addressed.

Daniel F. Parrillo
New York, N.Y.

Writer Control

John Simon's vicious attack on Liza Minnelli in his review of "Pickled in Paradise" [Oct. 2] is beyond the bounds of civility. He is expected to criticize film content, and the performance of any of the professionals associated with the enterprise. However, to call the actress "physically and spiritually repulsive" is unfair. If she was miscast, if she performed badly, if she is not appealing to his taste, the reviewer has a right, an obligation, to inform his readers of these facts. His typewriter does not give him a hunting license, however, and if Mr. Simon hasn't the restraint for this, your readers expect that the editor would use his red pen.

Richard A. Light
Rochester, Mich.

Erratum

Apologies to the shade of William Cowper, to whom, through an unfortunate editing error, *NR* attributed the unattributable poem "The World Turned Upside Down" at the head of Professor Thomas Wendel's article on the Battle of Yorktown [Oct. 30]. —LB

Urea Foam Insulation

In "How to Destroy a Business" [Aug. 7], Maggie Ledford Lawson does not present a balanced, impartial story. While the publicity surrounding the Consumer Product Safety Commission's concerns about formaldehyde is most unfortunate, there are documented health problems that can attend the installation of urea formaldehyde foam insulation.

Connecticut worked for over four years, including through a task force appointed by Governor Ella Grasso in January 1978,

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The Best Social Program

Verily, America faces a daunting range of social woes. They demand solutions. Many of our citizens are cut off from opportunity. They need help.

How best can the problems be met, the people helped? For too long, we as a nation have sought answers through an elephantine, hyperactive government bent on redistributing resources by taking from the haves in taxes and giving to the have-nots through a welter of social programs.

But that hasn't worked. The problems have festered and spread even as taxes and spending and governmental involvement have ballooned, oppressing all with crunching taxation and inflation.

It hasn't worked, for one thing, because we've become so preoccupied with slicing up the economic pie that we've neglected the essential task of making the pie bigger. We've become split up into a nation of factions, with each segment and interest group — business included — scratching and scrambling for its share. When the pie shrinks or stagnates, each group fights all the more desperately for a share of what's left. Consensus gives way to confrontation in our political life.

We've become more engrossed in carving out a larger slice of someone else's wealth than in producing more wealth ourselves. In the process we've lost sight of what forged the American economic marvel in the first place: an expanding private enterprise economy functioning in a free society to increase the wealth and living standards of those who are willing to get out and work for what they want.

"A rising tide lifts all boats" — that's how President Kennedy put it a couple of decades ago. His message long went unheeded by our national leaders. Now it's getting through. Emphasis anew is centered on the need to create, compete, produce, earn — and grow. Once again priority is being given to fostering the initiative and enterprise that power sound economic growth of the kind that will bring opportunity and advancement to all... lifting all boats.

What is overlooked too often is that those in greatest need stand to gain the most from national economic progress. For they are the farthest behind, and they have the farthest to rise.

There'll always be a need, of course, for publicly funded social programs and for government to step in and help those trapped on the bottom rungs. The wherewithal for the public sector to do all we expect of it must come from the private sector. The best social program of all is a strong, growing, productive economy.

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to help resolve the industry's problems. When Governor William O'Neill signed the bill to ban urea foam insulation in Connecticut on June 2, 1981, industry had not budged one iota from its position that the "problems" were all "malarky."

Of over ten thousand installations of this material in Connecticut homes, fewer than one hundred households experienced health problems. However, the problems that did exist were severe, and were substantiated by several members of the Connecticut Departments of Consumer Protection and Health as *not* being "malarky."

All this time, the industry gave little but lip service to the health concerns. State Representative Paul LaRosa introduced a bill to ban urea formaldehyde foam insulation in the 1981 session. The bill was passed by an overwhelming margin, and later signed, but only after a public hearing and endless meetings between industry and state officials, including elected officials. Respiratory and allergic reactions to the formaldehyde were sufficiently severe in enough instances to warrant banning the material in a move to prevent future problems for consumers.

Susan K. Nichols
Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. Lawson Replies

No one denies that the formaldehyde in the UF foam insulation—when the UFFI is improperly installed—can cause flu-like symptoms in certain individuals. Many things are hazardous when improperly installed: automobile tires; airplane propellers; wood stoves. This is hardly cause to ban these products.

The one hundred Connecticut families who reported health problems after having UF foam insulation put in their homes certainly deserve a measure of sympathy. Some of them undoubtedly were victims of "foam-and-run" installers whose main concern was a fast buck. (Connecticut could have used legal means to bring these fly-by-night operators to justice.)

However, formaldehyde was not necessarily to blame for all the health problems experienced in the one hundred homes. Indoor air contains a host of pollutants from numerous sources—gas stoves, carpet cleaners, and burning cigarettes, for example. Insulation reduces the circulation of fresh air. A high concentration of any of the indoor pollutants can lead to an allergic reaction. Doctors agree that tracking down the source of an allergy is extremely difficult. Without a careful, scientific attempt to get at the cause, one can reach no valid conclusions. To my knowledge, no such attempt was made in Connecticut.

The charge that the foam insulation industry has given "little but lip service to the health concerns" of consumers is unwarranted. The National Insulation Certification Institute, which represents the industry, has proposed mandatory standards that far exceed those now in effect in Europe (where, incidentally, foam insulation has been used for twenty years with no apparent harm to the public). Under the Institute's proposal, installers would undergo rigorous training before being certified. Thus far, the Consumer Product Safety Commission has shown a curious lack of interest in the Institute's proposals. This in spite of the fact that the Department of Energy already has a set of standards—the same as those advocated by the National Insulation Certification Institute.

Twilight Zone

Recently I read a book review in NATIONAL REVIEW of P. T. Bauer's book *Equality, the Third World, and Economic Delusion* by Forrest McDonald ["The Sanest Expert," Sept. 18]. It was also reviewed in *Fortune* and *The American Spectator*. I would like very much to have a copy of this book and have tried every bookstore in Manhattan. To my utter amazement and disappointment, not a copy was available as of the day of my writing, October 10. *What gives?*

Is it possible that there is a complot on the part of those with a "vested interest" in aid to the Third World to make it very difficult for the "reading and thinking public" to acquire this book?

Robert L. Kennerly
Hoboken, N.J.

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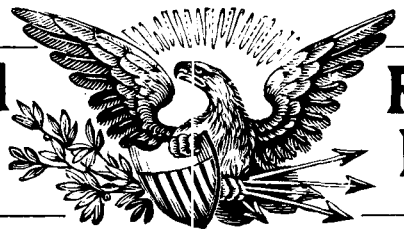

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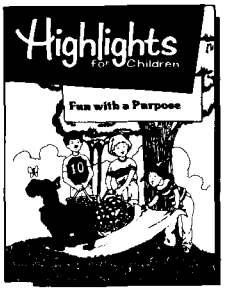

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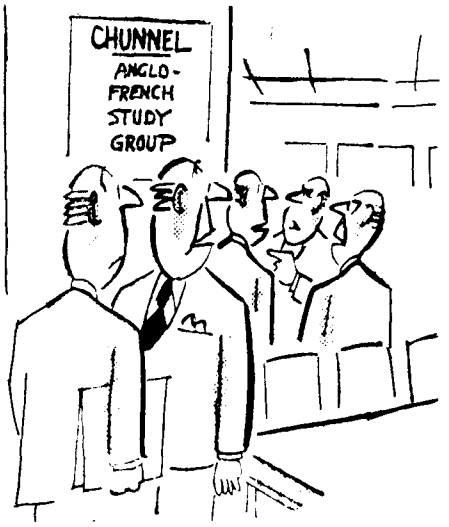
FOR THE RECORD

■ The Administration's **AWACS** victory is all the more stunning considering how little help it got from Saudi Arabia. Not only did Saudis nix any concessions that Administration sought —e.g., joint U.S.-Saudi control—they didn't even do little things to help sale. If Saudis had sent one representative to the **Sadat** funeral, at least ten senators would have switched and voted to sell planes. . . . Administration also wasn't pleased when, a few days before the vote, report appeared in the press that Saudi Arabia had given **Syria** $5 million to help finance "massive new arms deal" with the USSR. . . . Minority Leader **Robert Byrd**'s vote against sale surprised the Administration, but not as much as it surprised Majority Leader **Howard Baker**. Baker expected Byrd's vote in repayment for Baker's help in getting Panama Canal treaty passed, but Byrd was thinking of his own re-election in 1982, not looking backward. . . . Least surprising vote was **Lowell Weicker**'s—no Senate Republican has voted more frequently against **Reagan** than Weicker. Consequently, White House is hardly distraught that **Prescott Bush**, brother of **George**, will probably challenge Weicker in 1982. If Bush looks good in polls, says *Baron Report*, Weicker is likely to avoid GOP primary and run as independent.

■ Is it all over for **Alexander Haig**? Washington rumor mills say Haig will be out by January, with his place taken by **Cap Weinberger**. Defense vacancy will then be filled by **Ed Meese**. It sounds improbable, but rumor is widespread. . . . Arrests of **Weather Underground** should help Administration's drive to revamp security guidelines. Under old rules, FBI would have had **Judith Clark** under surveillance ever since she served time ten years ago.



Shailo, *Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"They can't agree whether it should go from Dover to Calais or from Calais to Dover."

Under present guidelines, imposed by Attorney General **Edward Levi** in 1976, FBI can investigate only those suspected of a crime or who are about to commit a crime. Had Miss Clark been under surveillance she would have led FBI to **Kathy Boudin** before armored-car holdup in which two cops and a guard were killed. With recent arrests, only two members of Weather Underground still at large: **Katherine Ann Power** and **Silas "Trim" Bissell**. . . . All friends of education will be glad to know that former Undergrounder **Mark Rudd**, the bane of Columbia University, is now teaching school in Albuquerque, New Mexico. . . . Meanwhile, conservative students at **Harvard** no longer have to see crimson. Harvard now has a conservative paper of its own, *The Salient*, launched by Harvard-Radcliffe Conservative Club. "Our primary purpose," said club president **Christopher S. Forman**, "is to provide a bit of balance to the political discussion at Harvard."

■ National Conference on Soviet Jewry wants Administration to press Soviet Union to let more Jews out of USSR. Figures indicate emigration of **Soviet Jews** is at lowest level in ten years. . . . Soviet dissidents **Aleksandr Ginzburg** and **Georgi Vins** attended Washington reception for **CREED** (Christian Rescue Effort for Emancipation of Dissidents), where George Bush pledged Administration support for CREED's assistance to persecuted believers in USSR. . . . In New York, *Religion in Communist-Dominated Areas* began publication of secret report on **Russian Orthodox Church** prepared for members of Central Committee of Soviet Communist Party. Report, which details Soviet infiltration of church, is said to be only second secret internal Soviet document to reach West. (First was **Khrushchev**'s speech to Twentieth Congress of CPUSSR.) . . . Administration is sending $29 million in surplus dairy products to **Poland**, and more food shipments are planned. Catholic Relief Services' Tribute to Poland fund, started in April, has so far sent seven million pounds of nonfat dry milk, flour, cereal, meat, and baby food. "Tribute" food goes directly to Polish bishops, who then distribute it to parishes. Poles prefer these shipments because they strengthen the Catholic Church and keep the middleman—the government—out of the picture. U.S. Government also sends some food through this channel, for same reasons.

■ Multiple Choice Question: **Leopold Castillo**, Venezuela's ambassador-designate to **El Salvador**, was in the United States talking up the Venezuelan position, which is firmly pro-**Duarte** and anti-guerrilla. One reporter, of all the newsmen he contacted, would not speak to him. Which of the following reporters was it? 1) **Karen DeYoung**, *Washington Post*.

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THE WEEK

■ Kathy Boudin of New York seems to be in some sort of trouble with the law for taking part in a $1.6-million Brink's holdup. It turns out Miss Boudin was only drawing a miserly $355 a month in welfare. If Reaganomics can't provide better for the needy, it's small wonder they turn to crime.

■ DUELLING PUNDITS. From the *Wall Street Journal*, September 30: "ECONOMIC GLOOM CUTS LABOR UNION DEMANDS FOR BIG 1982 CONTRACTS. The fight against inflation may get a boost from the labor front: signs point to a substantial moderation in wage settlements next year." From the *Washington Post*, October 2: "PICTURE EMERGING OF BIG '82 WAGE INCREASES. Although actual contract bargaining does not begin for several months, the size of the wage pattern for next year's new round of labor negotiations is beginning to come into focus—and the news is not good for the Reagan Administration's short-term hopes of bringing down inflation."

■ By and large, it remains easier for the Federal Government to shut down a power plant or freeze a taxpayer's bank account than to lay off one of its own employees. *Forbes* magazine and some members of Congress recently computed the actual number of federal workers that have been let go since last fall. As of September 4, more than half a year into the Reagan Revolution, that total amounted to 704—less than one in two thousand. (There are a million and a half federal workers, not counting defense.) Many cuts did not take effect until the new fiscal year began October 1. Even so, by October 24 the number let go had reached only 15,002, less than one in a hundred. The average federal employee thus is now more likely to be fired than to be run over by a beer truck, but less likely to be fired than to fall victim to a violent crime. Over in the real economy, by the way, one in every ten workers loses his job every year.

■ Well, we thought we'd seen the last of the fellow but now up he jumps as the new mayor of Atlanta. Andrew "Third World" Young defeated Sidney Marcus (a white) in voting that closely followed racial lines. The rhetorical high-point of the campaign came when outgoing Mayor Maynard Jackson described blacks working for Marcus as "grinning and shuffling" Negroes. And thus the nation's leading kakistocrat is back with us. Thanks a lot.

■ In 1934, Franklin D. Roosevelt was questioned at a press conference about the sinking government bond market and rumors of an unbalanced budget. He responded by attacking "those who seek to instill fear into the American people." Arthur Schlesinger glossed FDR's reply in *Coming of the New Deal*: "What he could not abide were those who seemed to be deliberately trying to frighten the nation." Now, of course, Schlesinger is busy frightening, as in his article "Administration Economics: End of Illusions" (*Wall Street Journal*, September 29). "The house of cards is beginning to fall . . . the voodoo magic of expectations is simply not working . . . For a man who reveres the free market, [Reagan] is strangely resistant to the market's verdict on his economic plan . . ." So whom do you believe, Schlesinger I or Schlesinger II? We say, have Reagan cite *Coming of the New Deal* in his next economic address, and attribute the quotation to Arthur ("Envy His Rhetoric") Schlesinger.

■ Ted Kennedy is getting into the anti-crime act. "There are many important matters before Congress," he has written to his constituents, "but none is more critical than making our neighborhoods and streets safe again for all Americans." Before *Congress*? Back in 1964, when candidate Barry Goldwater mentioned "crime in the streets," the liberals hooted. Didn't this champion of states' rights even know law enforcement is a *state* and *local* affair? (Laughter.) Did he want to establish . . . a *national police state*? (Knowing murmurs.) Forget it. Teddy has joined the side of the angels. Insiders say he'll seek re-election next year with the slogan, "In your heart you know he's right."

■ Has Castro introduced a battalion-strength quick-strike force into El Salvador via Nicaragua? According to Evans and Novak, this has happened, and its purpose is to detach the eastern half of that country from the western half, and possibly set up a Marxist government there. Washington sources in a position

The Window of Vulnerability

Some folks sincerely say a breeze
Is in your mind, and they won't sneeze.
Some simply put their woolies on,
While others winter in Ceylon.
But with the curtains blowing in
And grandma popping aspirin,
We'll slam it shut or wake up dead.
That's all that Robert Schweitzer said.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

So AWACS finally made it, and the Reagan engine is back on the tracks. You may think AWACS is a sophisticated airplane. No. AWACS is Ronald Reagan's political reprieve, his second wind, his arrested drift, his recaptured initiative. AWACS is legislative muscle, mid-course correction, momentum repossessed, and the luck of the Irish. Also, AWACS is a chastened Israeli lobby, a lifeline to Dick Allen, a setback for John Glenn, a rebuff of Robert Byrd, and a hee-haw to Robert Packwood. After months of hype, AWACS added up to far more than the sum of its parts—military, scientific, and political. AWACS bloated into Awful Wacky Capricious Symbolism. When the history of Ronald Reagan's first term is written, political mavens here are saying, AWACS will be seen as the watershed. If the currents then in motion had not been altered, the Reagan ship might well have capsized. With this victory, Reagan bought the time and the staying-power for his programs to take hold. How sweet it is!

■ House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill vowed last week to run for re-election next year, and Republicans all over Washington dropped to their knees in thanksgiving. Oh, how we need this aging Polonius if we are to win the House, they cried. With 29 years in the House of Representatives and five as its Speaker, Tip O'Neill is the most visible national officeholder of the Democratic Party, and the near-perfect symbol of that party's decay via New Deal big government and profligate spending. O'Neill looks, moreover, exactly right for the role—as if he had just stepped out of the pages of *The Last Hurrah*, a political throwback to the Honey Fitz era, "big, fat, and out of control," as Representative John LeBoutillier (R., N.Y.) describes him, handing you a "Repeal O'Neill" bumper-sticker.

Remarkably, O'Neill is totally unrepentant. In fact, he glories in his big-spending history and image. "Run against me, if it helps you," he tells Democratic House contenders. Not long ago, in a public address, O'Neill reminisced in this fashion:

> I remember when a doctor came in [to the hearing room] and told us the average dwarf was 26 inches high. He said he could increase that to 52 inches. He brought in six dwarfs. [Former Democratic senator from Washington Warren] Magnuson put in $45 million [for dwarf research]. I remember putting in $18 million for knock knees. . . . We used to be able to sneak [money bills] in. Nobody knew. Nobody is going to be able to do that anymore. There are 150,000 dwarfs in America.

Not only has Tip become a comic embarrassment to the Democrats, he is also probably their biggest practical political problem, and no one knows quite what to do about it. The junior Democratic senator from Massachusetts, Paul Tsongas, for example, finds himself in the awkward position of having to support O'Neill unreservedly, even though Tip continues to stand for everything that revisionist Tsongas repudiates in his book *The Road Ahead*, a blueprint for how liberals can purportedly postpone their extinction. Only Les Aspin (D., Wis.) has really criticized O'Neill, noting recently that Tip is "in a fog" and "reeling on the ropes," and that he "doesn't understand the explosions that have been going off since November."

The Run-Against-Tip strategy dates from mid-1980, when the GOP featured a TV advertisement with a self-indulgent, gouty O'Neill look-alike riding along in a big gas-guzzling car, bloviating to a sycophant, as the car ran out of gas. Four months ago in a special House election in Mississippi, the Republican contender blanketed the district with fliers and TV commercials showing the Democratic opponent pictured with O'Neill, both faces wreathed in smiles. "Do you want Tip O'Neill's friend to go to Washington?"

GOP strategists are working on ways to ensure that Tip does, in fact, run. Among the stratagems: soft-pedal criticism of O'Neill (so that his life as Speaker does not become unpleasant), tell him how much he is needed and loved, muzzle LeBoutillier. Some have suggested, one hopes jocularly, that funds should be channeled into Tip's upcoming race for re-election and into that of O'Neill's son (Thomas P., III) in his uphill Massachusetts gubernatorial fight, so that Tip won't retire to open up his congressional seat for his son. Where are you, Colson and Gleason, when we really need you? —CATO

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to know just clam up on being asked about the truth of this report. Their responses are confined to sober generalities concerning the increasing gravity of the situation there. In Evans and Novak's words: "Given this ominous development, President Reagan faces not some vague future crisis in the deteriorating Caribbean. He confronts an acute emergency demanding quick decision."

■ Britain's new Liberal/Social Democratic alliance has stolen a seat from Labor in the by-election at North Croydon, an ominous development for the Labor Party. The Tories had expected to lose the election, but they came in second, ahead of Labor. The Liberal/Social Democratic alliance proved difficult to run against, since, vaguely "centrist," it has succeeded in meaning different things to different voters. Where it stands on the Common Market, on nuclear weapons, on the cruise missile, on the Middle East, on El Salvador—well, it just hasn't said yet.

■ The blue-ribbon whopper in this year's round-robin at the UN General Assembly was told by Iran's foreign minister, Mir Hussein Moussavi. The bombing of nuclear installations near Baghdad earlier this year, he solemnly declared, had resulted from a plot among the U.S., Israel, and Iraq's own ruler, Saddam Hussein, for the purpose of boosting the latter's image. There were many competing fabrications, and a dozen or so of the more preposterous among them—all concerning trumped-up malefactions by the U.S.—got a second run in a communiqué issued by a caucus of UN representatives from so-called non-aligned states. What should a U.S. representative at the Cave of the

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"Either Reagonomics is beginning to work or the Feds are printing more money."

Winds do in such a case? One of Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick's coadjutors remarked recently on how to keep one's perspective in that milieu: Just accept that the UN is a farce, whereupon the proceedings become deliciously amusing. Sound advice—but within limits. The non-aligned communiqué did not amuse Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Her barbed letters to forty signers with whom she was on relatively affable terms reproached them for consciously subscribing to untruths. The gist of the answers she got: What does truth have to do with discourse at the UN? Anyway—right on, Ambassador!

■ Jimmy Carter's threat of a libel suit brought the *Washington Post* to its knees. After Ben Bradlee's initial *defi*, an editorial explained lamely that the *Post* had never *said* the Carters had bugged the Reagans, only reported that there was a *rumor* to that effect, which the *Post* itself had found "impossible to believe." Translation: Any future *Post* items to the detriment of this great American are hereby declared inoperative. A few days later *Post* publisher Donald Graham tendered a formal apology to the Carters, closing forevermore the era of media antinomianism. Sort of.

■ The National Education Association has prepared a 72-page curriculum guide on "Violence, the Ku Klux Klan, and the Struggle for Equality," which treats the Klan as "only the tip of the iceberg . . . the most visible and obvious manifestation of the entrenched racism in our society." The Anti-Defamation League, which wants schools to present the Klan as a "reprehensible aberration," finds the NEA approach "disturbing." Disturbing, maybe, surprising, no. This is the same NEA, after all, which supported Carter when he was practically accusing the man who is now President of carrying a spare hood in his glove compartment. The Klan, in fact, seems to be everywhere these days. Has the NEA been in touch with Bart Giamatti?

■ "35 PER CENT OF WOMEN ARE SEX STARVED," according to a study made public by the Western Psychiatric Institute of Pittsburgh (*New York Post*, Sept. 15). Well, should there be a federal program?

■ With his supporters singing and cheering outside the courtroom, the Reverend Sun Moon Stars has pleaded innocent to charges of income-tax evasion. Would God cheat the IRS? We hope so.

■ Tip O'Neill says Ronald Reagan is "flubbing around with the economy." Rather as if the oxen were to accuse Hercules of flubbing around with the Augean stables.

■ Maybe Tip only meant that flubbing around with the economy is *his* job.

■ Put bluntly, Tip thinks Ron isn't man enough to clean up after Tip.

■ Hearing Tip, Teddy, and Fritz attack Reagan's handling of the economy is a little like listening to a manifesto by the Saloon-Keepers' Temperance League.

■ The 1982 Democratic platform: The only cure for runaway social spending is more of it.

■ Geez.

Needless Flak

It was not the end of the world. Neither was it the best of weeks for the White House. President Reagan's offhand abstractions about whether a possible tactical nuclear exchange would trigger a full-scale nuclear war were immediately construed abroad to have a concrete bearing on U.S. strategy for the defense of Western Europe. Unilateral disarmers, doubters of

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the U.S. nuclear deterrent, and Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev squeezed what advantage they could from a gratuitous propaganda opportunity. A somewhat roundabout clarifying follow-up issued by the White House five days later made essential distinctions that the original discourse had elided. Well, every wire a President touches is a live wire.

For another thing, Robert Schweitzer, a well-thought-of Army major general on the National Security Council staff, confided his secret fears about looming war and other calamities to an audience of three hundred in a Washington hotel. Forthwith the story was in the papers and Schweitzer in another job. Presumably, no one had briefed him about tape recorders.

Third item: although the precept that "punctuality is the courtesy of kings" applies to all chiefs of state, President Reagan kept his peers waiting more than a quarter-hour at one of the Cancun sessions. He explained that he had thought being late was *de rigueur* for Mexico. Meanwhile, Secretary of State Haig was blaming a faulty elevator. *Muchas gracias, señores.*

These flaps happen, but a tighter ship will cut down on their frequency.

Candor at Cancun

Whether or not there is ever again an international gathering like the Cancun meeting of magisterial figures from 22 developing and industrialized states, it is a safe bet that the conjuring phrases echoed there—"global negotiations" and "a new international economic order"—will long continue to reverberate in international politics. The most explicit delineation of their implications is a small book. *The Third World and the International Economic Order*, issued a few years ago by the government of Guyana—its author being Mahbub ul-Haq, a Harvard-trained Pakistani economist who is director of program review at the World Bank and a man endowed with redoubtable imagination and a winsome way with words. His ideas get around and often win acceptance among people who should know better.

As the underlying postulate, Third World independence means not only political independence but economic equality as well, or at least major moves toward such equality. Waiting for accumulated capital to discover and turn to account new opportunities for generating wealth is too time-consuming and the results are too problematic for the needy nations. Tethered to the outlook and interests of the affluent societies whose governments have the controlling voice, the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund represent resources without democracy. The only proper institution to take over is the UN General Assembly, which ul-Haq describes as epitomizing democracy without resources. The necessary thing is to turn the General Assembly into a global decision-making body vested with directing power over all international resource transfers. There the needy states would outnumber the relatively affluent ones. The poor would set the terms, and the more or less rich would pony up. The new dispensation would see to abolition of national reserve currencies, creation of an international currency in their stead, and removal of jurisdictional impediments to movements of goods and people. International authorities under the overall direction of the General Assembly would take over, own, and control all international transport facilities, run all international trade, allocate food proportionally to populations, and perform economic planning on a world scale.

A bureaucrat's Eden! An enchanting dream for believers in the tinker-toy theory of human possibilities—to wit, that relationships and institutions are infinitely susceptible of being pulled apart and put together in new forms. For a moment, hypothetically accept its feasibility and imagine, if you can, a global redistribution, with everybody everywhere allotted a livelihood worth, say, $3,500 annually, current value. This would mean unheard-of prosperity for a transient moment in Bangladesh or Somalia and social and economic paralysis for the U.S., Sweden, or West Germany.

At Cancun, President Reagan politely but firmly refused to consider the first step—namely, the transformation of the General Assembly into the locus of decision. He had no choice. To have said anything else would have been a deception. He rejected the notion of making suppliants the dictators of terms. He articulated proper principles for negotiations—proper indeed, though some in the room were obviously displeased. He said the right things and said them well. One might fault him only for his phrase "the magic of the market." The market does not operate on magic. It operates on hard work, skill, judgment, and the will to take risks. For magic—turn to Mahbub ul-Haq's little book.

The Democrats and Reality

Edward Koch, mayor of New York, addressed the Democratic National Strategy Council in Baltimore, and told them some unpleasant truths. The last three presidential elections, he said, offered a "striking demonstration" of Democratic failure. "For a majority party to have lost two elections by landslides and to have narrowly won the third with a candidate who seemed to be running against his own party's record is extraordinary. Certainly it is possible to put down the

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candidates . . . But to take that approach misses the larger point. In 1980, the American people rejected not just our candidates but our party as well."

Koch spelled out why. "We have allowed ideologues to determine our direction. . . . We became the party of the status quo . . . the party of abstraction . . . We sought to embalm our past successes in regulations and programs. . . . We conferred on special interests—particularly friendly special interests like labor, environmental groups, organizations for the handicapped—the right to set our legislative agenda." Koch ticked off an armada of sunken ships with which the Democrats have gone down: Medicaid, food stamps, job training programs, busing, quotas. "We lost touch with reality."

After such candor, Koch's alternative seems less than a sunburst—federal responsibility for poverty, housing, mass transit, and crime; an "overall economic strategy" geared to employment; a Reconstruction Finance Corporation to shore up the Northeast and Midwest (thank you, Mr. Rohatyn)—all funded by higher taxes. It is a program nonetheless, one of two those Democrats who concede the need for something different might follow. John Anderson's candidacy adumbrated the other approach—an emphasis on liberal social issues and detente, coupled with relatively sensible economics. Then there is always Ted Kennedy and the Remnant. Watch them go at it.

NEH Impasse

No doubt because it has been focusing on other issues, the White House has not yet resolved the Byzantine struggle that has been going on over the chairmanship of the National Endowment for the Humanities. This is a prestigious post, and the Endowment disposes of $120 million per year in grants. Not much, you say, compared with the MX or food stamps. True enough. And yet passions have been running very high over the Humanities post, so high that in the past few weeks the backers of one or another candidate have begun to stab each other in the front.

The odd thing is, the Administration has before it three outstanding candidates as well as one who is at least acceptable. Perhaps the whole thing has been an object lesson in political reality. You can tell the four players by using this scorecard:

1. Professor Ronald Berman, of the University of California, San Diego, served as Chairman under Nixon and Ford. He did an excellent job. He is a distinguished scholar and has written books on Shakespeare and on cultural history. Why not Berman? Well, the White House holds against him the fact that he served under previous Administrations, even though they were Republican ones. Does that make sense? Doesn't experience count? No it doesn't, and apparently not. But it's the policy.

2. Professor M. E. Bradford, of the University of Dallas. Bradford is one of our best Faulkner scholars, a distinguished regional historian, and a philosopher of culture. Why not Bradford? Well, it's held against him that he has been critical of Abraham Lincoln on constitutional grounds. The argument is rarefied. But, briefly, Bradford holds—with Edmund Wilson—that Lincoln was a nineteenth century centralizer. Does this have anything to do with Bradford's fitness for the post? No, it does not. But it was used to block him. But—again, but—Bradford has powerful support in the Senate, which is now inflamed to the point where other candidates may be blocked, too.

3. Professor Robert Hollander of Princeton served with distinction on the National Council of the Endowment during Berman's chairmanship. Hollander may be the nation's leading Dante scholar. He has been an intellectual force at Princeton for twenty years. That's what is blocking him. Yes, no kidding. A conservative, he has earned the hostility of President William Bowen of Princeton. Bowen, for some undiscernible reason, has influence within the Reagan Administration regarding the Humanities appointment. Does that make any sense? No, it doesn't. But there it is.

4. William Bennett, Director of the National Humanities Center, University of North Carolina, is the neoconservative candidate. Irving Kristol has lobbied hard for him, and against Bradford, thereby igniting Bradford's senatorial support. Bennett has two serious weaknesses. First, he is not well known as a scholar and, unlike the other three candidates, has not written anything generally considered first-rate. Second, he will run head-on into the "senatorial courtesy" opposition of the two senators from North Carolina, Jesse Helms and John East, both of whom support Bradford, and neither of whom is much interested in neoconservatism of the *Commentary*/*Public Interest* sort.

Beside the Carter appointee, Joe Duffey, who will

Maybe They're Embarrassed

Anthony Lewis, I'm waiting.
  Senator Cranston, a word?
Mullahs are murdering people
  Faster than ever, you've heard?
Boy! When the Shah was in power,
  You fellows really got hot.
Now that the killing's increasing,
  Nobody's bitching. Why not?

W. H. VON DREELE

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be stepping down, all of these four candidates, including Bennett, look like Socrates.

And, oh yes, there was, at one point, a strong move within the White House to reappoint Duffey. No kidding.

And, as Cronkite used to say, that's the way it is.

Solidarity with Solidarity

Despite the best efforts of Leonid Brezhnev and Deng Xiaoping, Lech Walesa's trade union is making a name for itself in the most unlikely places. *Freedom Appeals*, a bi-monthly publication of the Center for Appeals for Freedom at Freedom House in New York, provides evidence that Solidarity's existence is a known and inspiring fact in the People's Republic of China and the Soviet Union.

The March-April issue of *Freedom Appeals* contains a letter, addressed to the Polish workers, that appeared over a year ago in a dissident Chinese journal called *April Fifth Forum*. "Your victory," the letter says, "clearly shows the tremendous power and new class conscience generated by the solidarity of the working class. . . . Your victory breaks through national boundaries, which gives it a wide international significance. We, the young generation of the Chinese working class, salute you. . . . Workers of the world, unite!"

The September-October issue of *Freedom Appeals* brings two messages of support for Solidarity that originated inside the Soviet Union. One is from the Russian Committee to Aid Polish Workers, about which little is known aside from its enthusiasm for Poland's continuing earthquake.

> Dear Polish Friends:
>
> On behalf of the majority of the Russian people, whose voice has been substituted by Party slogans, we welcome your just struggle for human rights.
>
> Just as 63 years ago the revolution in Russia stirred up a worldwide workers' movement, your movement should likewise give a powerful impetus to the "socialist" countries' struggle for democracy. We are convinced that the activities of the Solidarity trade union reflect the true aspirations of the Polish workers and that under the leadership of this trade union you will achieve healthy improvements in the conditions which are now in Poland.
>
> We will exert all our efforts toward obtaining wide support for your movement in the USSR, and hope that the Russian working class, true to its militant traditions, and inspired by your example, will raise the tightly clenched fist of proletarian unity.
>
> Solidarity with Solidarity,
> Russian Committee to Aid
> Polish Workers

In early March, leaflets supporting the Polish workers, presumably supplied by the Committee, were tossed from an escalator of a Leningrad subway station, fluttering down to the waiting passengers; in another case, anti-Communist leaflets were distributed before a meeting at the Leningrad Technological Institute. At the end of March, Soviet authorities conducted several raids in Moscow in an effort to bring an end to the Committee. The searches proved fruitless.

The second message of support is from a group of men who, unlike the Committee, choose to hide nothing. Their message: "To the independent trade union Solidarity: We are with you, our dear Polish brothers, during your ascendant hour." Signed: Norik Grigoryan (an Armenian and a former KGB member), Myroslav Marynovych (member of the Ukrainian Helsinki Watch Group), Viktor Nekipelov (member of the Helsinki Watch Group), Aleksandr Ogorodnikov (founder of the Christian Seminar), Aleksei Safronov (ex-Soviet soldier; at the age of 19, he tried to escape to the West), Antanas Terleckas (member of the Lithuanian Helsinki Watch Group).

This diverse group, united in the cause of Solidarity, can all be found in one place: Perm Labor Camp Complex, Number 36, in the Urals.

Tightrope at Geneva

No doubt about it, more and more people in the NATO countries of Europe have been getting demonstratively qualmish about the U.S. Government's notion of how to counter the Soviet Union's expanding nuclear threat to them. An unnamed Englishman's explanation of the divergence was relayed by Paul H. Nitze in recent remarks to the National Institute of the Social Sciences: In the face of the Russians' manifest intention to become eight feet tall, most Americans see ample reason to go about being eight feet tall also, whereas all too many Europeans want to shrink to eight inches in hope of eluding hostile notice. The NATO defense ministers' allusion, in a communiqué at their Gleneagles meeting, to a fanciful possibility of abolishing theater nuclear weapons altogether on both sides was a futile sop (which Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger wisely but vainly opposed) to that sort of escapism. An accompanying declaration of the resolve to go ahead with introducing U.S. Pershing II missiles and land-based cruise missiles, pending agreement with the other side, provided an offsetting touch of realism.

Maintaining that resolve will be critical as the upcoming Geneva negotiations proceed. Whether the fact of negotiation in progress is to be construed as a green light or a yellow light is the crux. The Soviet Union can be counted on to use the parleys to try

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to promote the go-it-alone spirit ("individualism," in the Soviet lexicon) in the European member states of NATO, and to drive wedges—between Britain and the continental allies, between major parties and governments and peoples within the European components, and most of all between the U.S. and its transatlantic partners. The U.S., placed between allies and adversary, must strive to counter or at least to minimize such effects and anticipate snags likely to sidetrack or slow up the NATO theater nuclear modernization program—all the while testing for possibilities, if any, of reaching a provident contract with the Soviets. It must do so in such a way as to demonstrate good faith, lest an all-too-likely impasse be construed to discredit the United States and impair the alliance in the aftermath.

It looks like a busy winter ahead for Nitze as the U.S. negotiator. The bundle of potential issues is multifarious enough to keep the two sides talking for months merely on what to negotiate about. The tough questions pertain to settling on and defining weapons to be subject to limitation, identifying other weapons to be taken into account in arriving at the limits, and setting the standards of equity—whether numerical quantities, calculated destructive capabilities, or the respective sides' relative security—to be applied. Should launchers only or also re-entry vehicles (on Soviet SS-20s) be entered into the equations? Missiles only or also nuclear-capable aircraft—and how is the military value of the respective types to be calculated? What should be the cutoff figure respecting pertinent operating radius? And then—to taper off a by no means complete list—the perennial problem of verification must be addressed. Can any contract worth having be arrived at if the Soviet side abides by its strictures against on-site inspection? All in all, the prospect for a successful conclusion is not reassuring.

Crime of the Month

A spectacular crime was committed last month in New York, and it was dealt with spectacularly. Some of its features are worth reflection.

Two young blacks invaded a convent, raping and mutilating a young nun—they carved crosses into her flesh; she survives. Well, that did it as far as the Anti-Defamation subdivision of the New York Mafia was concerned. The Mafia does not pay any attention to the countless ordinary rapes and mutilations that occur in New York, but they understood this to be a racial attack, directed brutally at an important ethnic/religious symbol, the convent and the nun. The Mafia responded with alacrity: a $25,000 contract went out on the miscreants.

A hero has emerged out of the whole mess: the black stepfather of one of the suspects, a $75-per-week janitor named Milton Johnson. He provided police with a photograph of the suspect that led to his arrest in Chicago, where he was trying to elude the Mafia hit man.

Mr. Johnson, however, is refusing to accept the $10,000 reward put up by Mayor Ed Koch. "Sure I need the money," he said. "I just can't take it. That's just the way I feel. I never wanted any money out of this. I just wanted the police to catch the guy. Go find somebody else to give it to."

In contrast to white aggression against blacks, the reverse case, as here, is not identified as racial or ethnic in character by the media. It is merely an "outrage." The Mafia knows differently. One of its spokesmen told the media that the rapists will not survive in prison for more than a month.

Jimmy as Hobgoblin

With pumpkin teeth a-flashing
  And corn stalks in his belt,
He came to tell his party
  Exactly how he felt.
He brought regards from Nixon,
  Thus deepening the gloom,
Then blew a kiss at AWACS
  And took off on his broom.

W. H. VON DREELE

Beautiful People

The Big Apple is buzzing about the arrest of **Kathy Boudin**, of the **Weather Underground**, for her alleged role in that Rockland County Brink's robbery. . . . Kathy hasn't been seen at Xenon or The Four Seasons since 1970, when the Greenwich Village bomb boutique where she was doing charitable work for the poor suddenly went kaboom. . . . Kathy's father, you'll recall, is noted civil-liberties lawyer **Leonard Boudin**, defender of the **Berrigan** brothers, **Dan Ellsberg**, and many, many others. . . . A Bryn Mawr Russian major, Kathy took a lot of good-natured ribbing about being a radical-chic debutante. Actually her parents had introduced her to such *éminences rouges* as **Alger Hiss**, **Rockwell Kent**, and **Paul Robeson**. You didn't get invited to the Boudins', darlings, unless you'd won a Lenin Prize or two! . . . Her uncle is everyone's favorite radical emeritus, **I. F. (Izzy) Stone**, subject of an intimate profile by **Ed Bradley** on *Sixty Minutes*, just two nights before the alleged robbery. . . . One of the other arrestees, by the way, was **Eve Rosahn**, who allegedly threw acid at a Kennedy Airport policeman

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ast month and was out on bail. Eve's mother, who posted the $10,000 bail, thinks the whole incident was blown out of proportion. After all, the policeman can still see out of his other eye. . . . Kathy's roommate recently has been prize-winning investigative reporter **Rita Jensen** of the *Stamford Advocate*, who has done a series on **Joanne Chesimard** of the **Black Revolutionary Army**—which has now merged with the Weather folks. Just imagine Rita's surprise when she learned her roomie "Lynn Adams," sometimes known as Muffy, was none other than Joanne's friend Kathy! A potential scoop right under her nose! Live and learn. . . . Kathy's little boy, **Chesa**, an adorable one-year-old, will be staying with his grandpa and grandma until Mama gets paroled or he turns 18, whichever comes first. . . . Chesa's alleged papa, **David Gilbert**, won't be dropping by for a while either: he was also arrested in connection with the Brink's caper. . . . Kathy will be represented in court by (you guessed it!) **William Kunstler**. Here's hoping the judge instructs the jurors not to infer guilt from that fact! (Just kidding, Bill!) . . . All of which, darlings, just goes to show you: it's a small, small world! Ta-ta. —Binky

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Local 1101 of the Communications Workers of America has made an extraordinary discovery in the field of economic science, which the local announced in advertisements that appeared recently throughout the New York subway system. The ads read as follows:

> Remember: N.Y. telephone repairmen still make FREE HOUSE CALLS. Dial 611 and demand what you've paid for . . . FREE SERVICE.

Service that is free even though it is already paid for beats even a free lunch! Thus modern illiteracy refutes classical economics. Does this explain why the unions object to Reagan's economic policies?

Sincerely,
Thomas Main
Brooklyn, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Oops! Professor James P. Butler's clever and amusing logic regarding nine-digit Zips and "calculating" Postal Service bureaucrats in his letter to Mr. R. A. Moore, which was forwarded to you and reproduced in "Notes & Asides" [Sept. 18], is, unfortunately, based on a *grievous error in mathematics*. Red faces must surely abound!

The number of permutations of ten different objects (decimal digits) taken nine at a time (code) is 3,628,800. Since no Zip Code starts with a zero, there remain only 3,265,920 codes available. Considering demography, it seems reasonable that there will be approximately one code per city block as the Postal Service claims. Those irate bureaucrats must surely be heaping all sorts of abuse on all concerned. Who would blame them, in view of the "sizzling" given to them in this instance?

Incidentally, the nine-digit Zip is an unnecessary bureaucratic boondoggle in this writer's opinion.

Sincerely yours,
John G. Fifield
Abilene, Tex.

P.S. Back to the textbook, Professor:

$$P_r^n = \frac{n!}{(n-r)!} \neq n^r$$

(as you, apparently, mistakenly operated).

Dear Mr. Fifield: Very interesting. Wish I had thought of that! WFB
Wallachs Point
Stamford, Conn. 06992

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Mary Schwarz

Question: What do we do now? (See attached.)

Dear Miss Schwarz:

On April 26, A.D. 1981 I submitted a letter to Mr. Buckley having to do with one which appeared in "Notes & Asides" in the April 17 issue of *NR*. You acknowledged receipt of it with such nice words that I nearly put in under my pillow that night, except that I wished to preserve it—unwrinkled and unstained by tears—for posterity.

If you entertain any embarrassment on my account by reason of its failure to be published, please don't. For me, it is sufficient that you thought it should be, and I am supremely grateful. Also, I do understand the high degree of selectivity (especially of unsolicited material) required by the exigencies of publishing, although, at times, the regnant selectivity (and its criteria) quite escapes my understanding. (I hope this parses.)

And this brings me to a parable as follows: In the days of my childhood there was to be found in every neighborhood a guy by whose cockamamie rules you played, else you didn't play at all. He owned the bat, don't you see; and he owned the ball. Gloves, if any,

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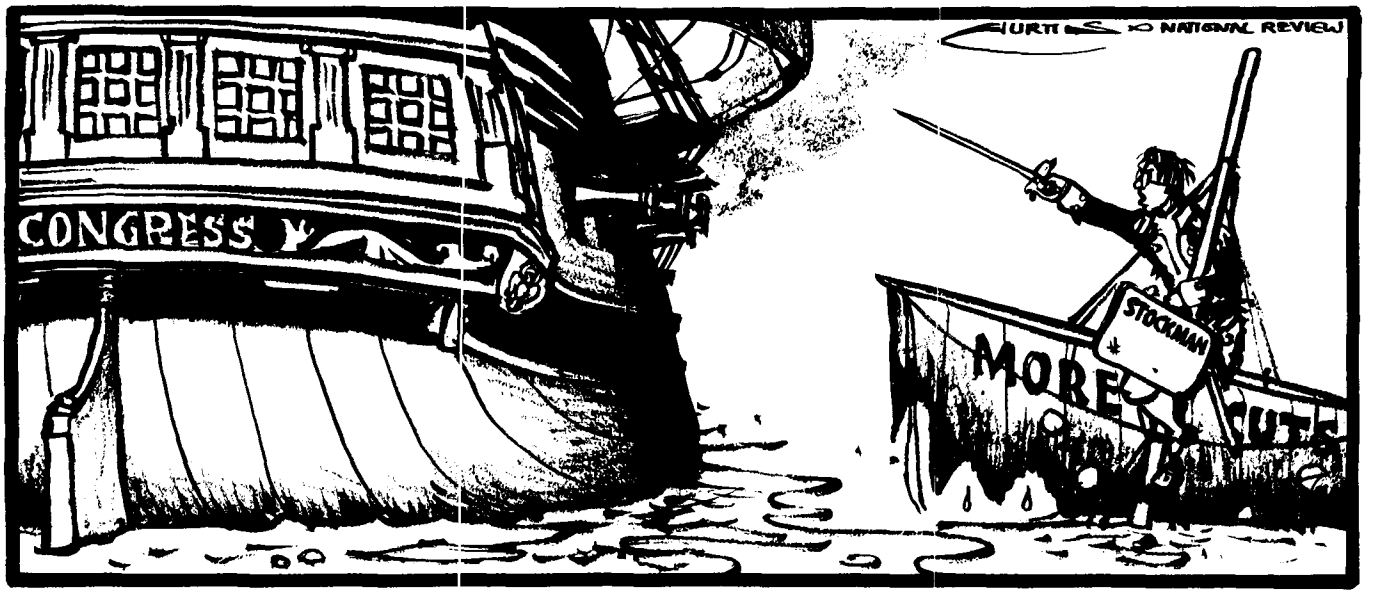

"I have not yet begun to fight!"

he owned too. What the hell—his old man owned the damned sandlot. Until, until that is, one glorious day—when you came to the realization that there were other kids on the block. Now I'm not saying any of this is germane, mind. It is merely to observe, and to register a reaction.

Dear Miss Schwarz, I ardently wish for you that someday you might be allowed to be Letters Editor in fact no less than by designation. God bless.

Yours gratefully,
S. J. Stanowski
Houston, Tex.

Dear Mary: Hire Stanowski! Quick, before he sells out to *The New Republic*! —Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A kind American friend has sent me the NATIONAL REVIEW of August 7 (the first one I've seen). In complaining about the French government (and please note that *I'm* not complaining about Mr. Reagan and Co.—if those are the people you choose, well, there's no accounting for tastes and it's your business, at least if they keep their fingers off the button) you say: "During this century American blood has twice watered the plains of France as a result of the failure of French diplomacy." As for the diplomacy, I can't see it for the 1914 war, and one would have thought that Woodrow Wilson etc. had a lot to do with the rise of Hitler—but never mind. It's the watering that gets me. My *Petit Larousse* says that in the 1914 war U.S. losses were 120,000, French losses 1,390,000; and in the 1939 war the figures were 400,000 to 570,000 (of course the French were out of the war for a long time; but so were the Americans). Putting the two wars together, it's a gallon of French blood to a quart of U.S. (Your allies in both wars, the Russians, lost something over twenty million.)

Perhaps in the next war that your government seems to be preparing, we Europeans may have the privilege of watering American soil, and with the proportions of fluid reversed? Will you then be duly grateful, and let us have a finger in your governmental pie?

Yours faithfully,
John Harris
Lieuran-Cabrières
34800 Clermont l'Hérault, France

Dear Mr. Harris: To say that American blood watered French soil is not to say that French blood didn't also spill. To say that U.S. policy was primarily responsible for the second world war, let alone the first, is antihistorical. To say that U.S. policy is currently creating a military vacuum in Europe will best be answered when we see whether Europe proceeds to install theater nuclear weapons. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

We interrupt our program for a *special bulletin*:

According to an "inside observer," a quiet ceremony was performed recently uniting "Unnamed Source" and "Unidentified Aide."

A "close friend of the family" is quoted as saying, "The reason for the sudden nuptials might be connected with the recent arrival of a little 'Disinformation.'"

However, since we were unable to contact either Source or Aide we can neither confirm nor deny this report.

We now return to your regularly scheduled program.

Very truly yours,
Patricia Lynn Bays
San Jose, Calif.
—WFB

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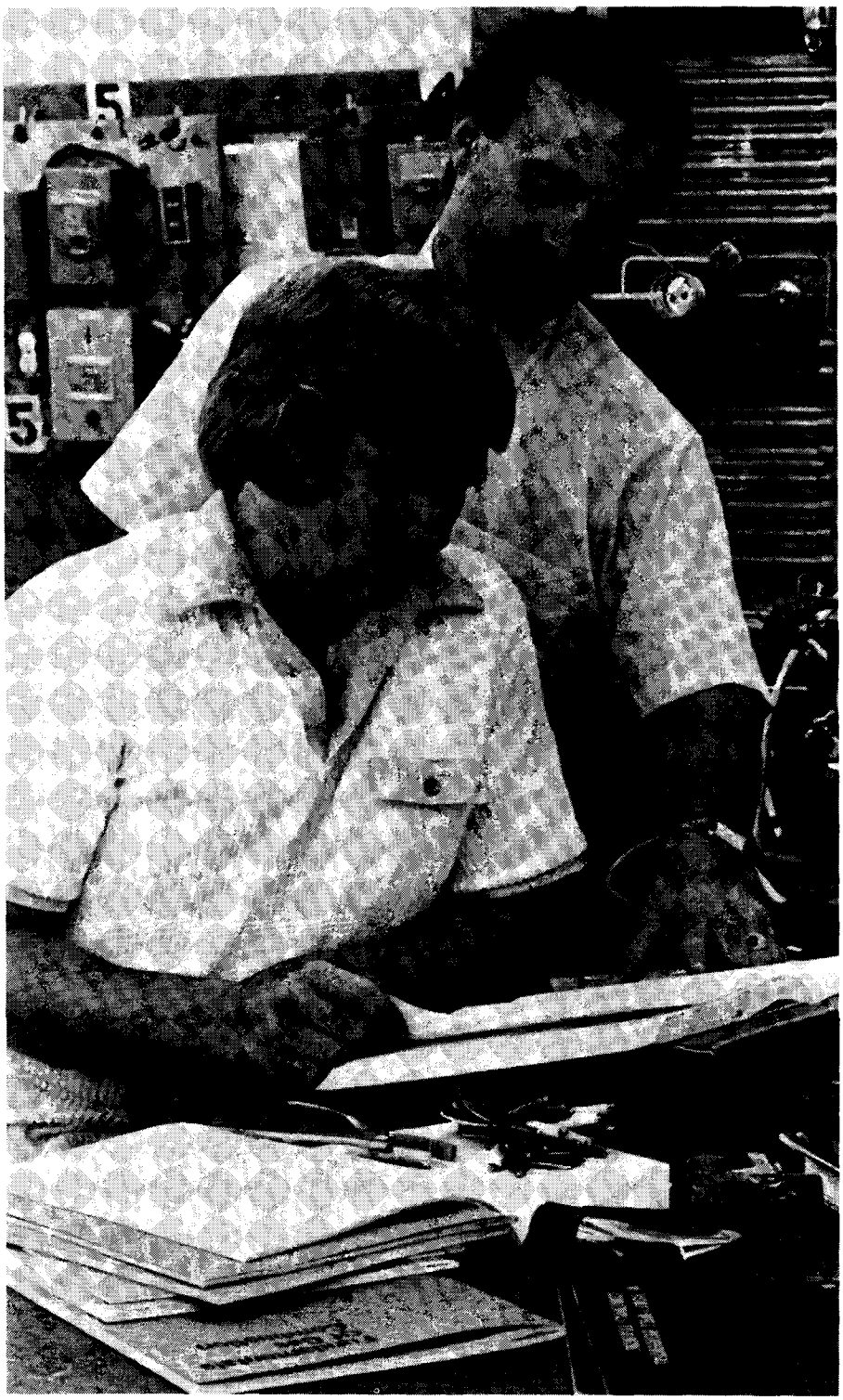
The reindustrialization of Uriah Nolder.



When the last recession hit, Uriah Nolder, a skilled assembly worker, found himself without a job.

His industry was ailing. It might be years before he saw another paycheck.

(The town he worked in had the highest unemployment rate in America.)

Well today, Uriah Nolder is working again, though in an entirely different field.

At age 25 he went back to school to learn new skills at ITT Educational Services.

We're teaching lots of people like Uriah Nolder these days—not just people acquiring skills for their first jobs, but many retraining themselves to keep up with this changing world.

They're taking courses in everything from electronics to drafting. From computer programming to business administration.

And because more and more companies recognize the need, we're developing custom-made programs to help them retrain employees to do entirely new things.

The way we look at it, it's something that's important not just for the Uriah Nolders of America but for America.

Our economy is only as strong as our people are.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

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The Current WISDOM

Schweitzer The Whistleblower

WINSTON

MAJOR GENERAL Robert L. Schweitzer, until last week a very highly regarded member of the National Security Council, gave jaded Washington quite a shaking-up with those comments of his on Soviet strategic capability and intent that got him removed to a less conspicuous post in the Pentagon. Below are some of the General's main points and what the current wisdom here thinks of them.

Soviet superiority in nuclear weaponry. In all three legs of the triad—land, sea, and air—the Soviets are stronger than we, says Schweitzer. That the Soviets are superior in land-based ICBMs (and will remain so for about five years) is not news. But if the Soviets actually do have submarine and bomber nuclear superiority, this, indeed, is news. No government spokesman hitherto has voiced this opinion in public, and most expert strategic opinion would seem to go against it.

Odds against Invasion

On Poland. "A possible, certainly threatened, Soviet invasion," says Schweitzer. The odds do not favor it. What now seems more likely is a de-facto military despotism. The civilian Stanislaw Kania is out as head of the Polish Communist Party (too soft on Solidarity), and General Wojciech Jaruzelski is in. Simultaneously Prime Minister, Secretary of Defense, and now First Secretary of the Party, Jaruzelski is poised to use the government, the army, and the Party to crack down, and then run everything through the military. Does Jaruzelski have the internal military power to do this? It depends on the loyalty of the troops. Since Jaruzelski is very highly respected, chances are better than before that they would go along, even though they would be wading knee-deep in the blood of their brother Poles. (Jaruzelski would have to kill an estimated 200,000 to install military despotism.)

On the Caribbean. "In flames," says Schweitzer, who sees varying elements of Communist insurgency present in every country in the Caribbean and Latin America, as well as indigenous economic and sociological revolutions. "The last Administration minimized the Communist threat and maximized human rights," says Schweitzer. "In so doing, they confused a goal with a policy." It is hard to find fault with any of these assertions, except perhaps to note that "in flames" suggests that the insurgencies will accomplish their ends speedily, whereas in fact they will probably all be protracted.

On pacifism. "The seed of pacifism and neutralism is sweeping over Europe," notes Schweitzer. The General is dead right. We have consistently underestimated the social and political turbulence in Europe. In Britain, the Labor Party is veering into neutralism and pacifism. In West Germany, Helmut Schmidt is menaced by his left wing. In Greece, the Socialist Andreas Papandreou, noted for his anti-American spoutings, was just elected Prime Minister.

Lamentably, Ronald Reagan has played into the hands of the pacifists with his recent yes-there-can-be-a-limited-nuclear-war comment. "I could see where you could have an exchange of tactical weapons against troops in the field without it bringing either one of the major powers to pushing the button," he said, which, if uttered in a Rand Corporation think tank by a conflict strategist would be unexceptionable, but, by a President of the United States, with the present tension in Europe, was like throwing raw meat to jackals. We cannot remind ourselves too often that many Europeans see themselves as proxy corpses for the U.S. in a potential war provoked by our clumsy, hawkish, and dated foreign policy.

On the prospect of U.S./Soviet war. "The Soviet Union knows that for the first time they have superiority in every leg of the triad," and thus "they may be tempted to use nuclear or non-nuclear forces." Schweitzer stresses that "the Soviets are on the move. They are going to strike. They've got every incentive and the capability." All of which adds up to the apocalyptic conclusion that the United States is "in the greatest danger that the Republic has ever faced since its founding days."

Is this threat overstated? I think yes. The Soviets do not—nor should we—gauge their war-making intention and capability solely in terms of a putative military superiority. Other factors would intrude in any such monumental decision—notably Soviet military overextension (Afghanistan, the Sino-Soviet border, etc.), the Soviet economy (wretched), elderly leadership, crippling labor deficiencies, waning technological innovation, and, very important, growing nationalistic sentiment among non-Russians in the Soviet empire.

Salutary and Gutsy

Overstated or not, General Schweitzer's whistleblowing was a salutary act, and an incredibly gutsy one. It should be remembered, too, that the whistleblowing was probably occasioned not only by the realities cited in the Schweitzer speech, but also by two other conditions: the present policy-making impotence of the downgraded National Security Council (which is doubtless what impelled Schweitzer to go public) and the developing disenchantment with the Administration's crisis-management approach to foreign policy.

Ronald Reagan promised us a new beginning, and, in domestic policy, we have got it in spades. In foreign policy, however, we have ad-hocced our way along for three-quarters of a year, so that what we now have is a kind of atavistic throwback to the old containment doctrine, suitably hyped up, but stale, unnuanced, and ill-suiting the current international environment. This is partially why the President is not as sure-footed in international matters as he ought to be, and why, during the immediate aftermath of Sadat's death, we acted more like a nervous wreck than a superpower. Either I or, better, Cato, with his superior knowledge and intellect, will expatiate on this subject shortly. □

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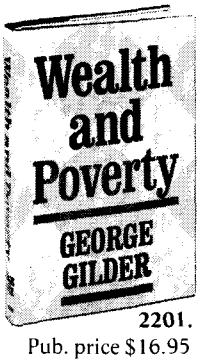

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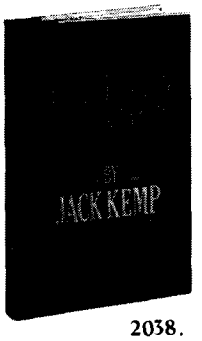

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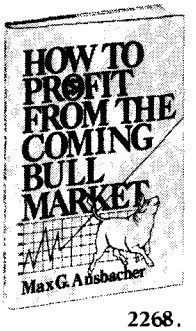

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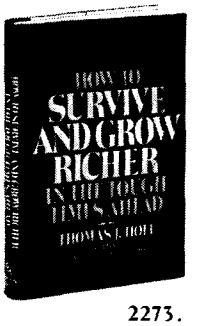

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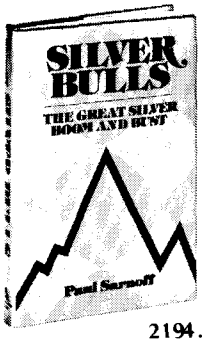

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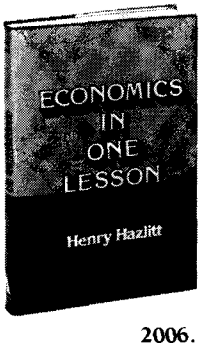

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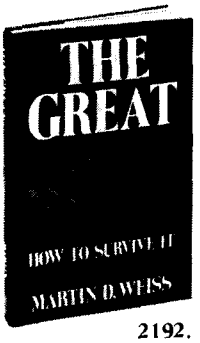

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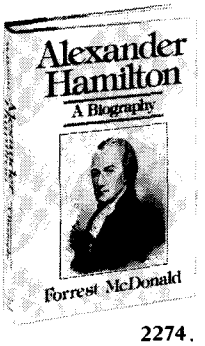

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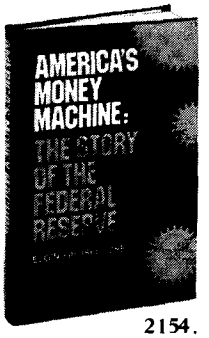

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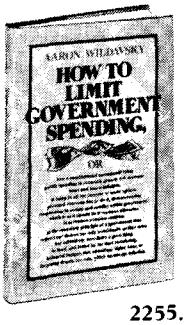

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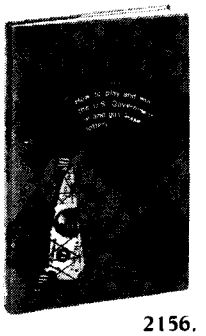

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The World after Sadat

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

WHEN THE CALL of duty loomed ahead, my mind was on the lingering futility of the "Commonwealth," until it was shocked into graver reflections by the murder of Anwar el-Sadat. It may be legitimate to offer some observations on both.

To say that the Egyptian President was a great man is almost a banality. Glancing through the obits in the press of various countries, I find the word "great" occurring everywhere. The point perhaps is to examine in what way the man was "great," in contrast to the collective triviality of that Commonwealth Conference in Melbourne.

"I see a long way ahead," Sadat said to me during the long talk we had alone at his home in Cairo late last year. It was not a boast but a simple statement of fact.

It is surely this sense of vision that distinguishes the great man not so much from the run-of-the-mill as from the superficially brilliant. It is an ability to go to the heart of a problem, to see what needs to be done, to foresee the consequences, and to have the courage to act. (I believe Ronald Reagan has these qualities, if the impediments of his high office allow him to exercise them: a problem that did not arise under Sadat's benevolent despotism.)

It may be objected that Sadat did not foresee just how virulent the reactions of the other Arab states would be to his unilateral search for peace with Israel, but Sadat had no illusions about the immensity of the step he took when he went to Jerusalem. True, he had got away with an earlier gesture of stunning boldness when he had suddenly, without warning, told his twenty thousand Soviet "advisors" to pack up and get out. The world (myself, modestly, included) held its breath. What were the Russians going to do? What terrible sanctions were they going to inflict on this upstart who in a day had undone the years of satellization which Gamal Abdel Nasser had inflicted on the Egyptian people?

The unexpected answer was, "Nothing." The Russians meekly obeyed the presidential command, and Sadat—not without initial discouragement from Washington—took his country into the Western camp.

Always, however, he was guided by his conception of Egypt's best interests. In Nasser's shadow, he had seen Egypt (basically a happy-go-lucky country despite its abject poverty) turned into a country of fear. With his special gifts as a demagogue, Nasser presented all his deeds in terms of national revolt against "colonialism" and "imperialism," and his rhetoric of the "Arab nation" fired the popular imagination. His reward was adulation in the face of the near Soviet takeover of Egypt and the scorching defeat in the June war of 1967.

Though not above rhetoric, Sadat was less successful in this respect, although he did bask in glory when his army gave the invincible Israelis a hard time in the October war of 1973, which he was celebrating in the usual way when the assassins struck. Not only had Sadat given the Egyptians the rare pride of a more than tolerable military performance, he had also brought "peace in my time" to an Egypt that had seen a succession of wars since 1947. Yet the crowds thronging the streets of Cairo and Alexandria on the morrow of the murder were singularly muted in comparison with the wailful mourning that greeted Nasser's death. What the crowds saw or felt was less the relief of peace than the apprehension of isolation. The cozy feeling of oneness of the Arab and Moslem worlds had gone, and into the emptiness stepped the fanatics of the Moslem Brotherhood, the PLO, and Libya.

I HAD BEEN thinking that a priority target for American diplomacy in the Near and Middle East in the Reagan era was rapprochement between Egypt and Saudi Arabia. It was the Saudis who had broken with Egypt over Camp David, not the other way round, and Sadat was not going to make the first move: he told me so. The other regional architect of Camp David, Menachem Begin, stood in the way, however.

The Israeli leader has of course fulfilled important concessionary clauses of Camp David, not least the evacuation of the Sinai peninsula at a high cost in oil imports. But he has so dragged his feet on the projected autonomy of the West Bank as to cause serious doubts over his good faith. Unfortunately, Begin didn't do what was expected of him and lose the elections last spring. Although it goes against the libertarian grain to have hoped for the victory of a party styled "Labor," the advent of Shimon Peres might well have speeded, not retarded, the process of Palestinian autonomy. It remains to be seen whether Sadat's able successor, Hosni Mubarak, will have the stature to press Begin in the right direction, where Sadat failed.

Paradoxes are not to be excluded. It could be easier for King Khalid and Prince Fahd to make their peace with Mubarak, who did as he was told, than with Sadat, who did the telling. It is clearer than ever that the two planks of U.S. policy in the Arab Middle East —Egypt and Saudi Arabia—need to be brought together if that policy is not to founder on the rocks of PLO extremism and Israeli intransigence.

At least in the formulation and execution of a sensible policy the Reagan Administration is not handicapped as the British allow themselves to be by the curious non-organization known as the Commonwealth.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that without the Commonwealth, the United Kingdom would not now have the race problem which successive governments deliberately imported from that same Commonwealth. Without it, the installation of a Marxist president in Zimbabwe might well have been avoided; at least it might have been more difficult to present the advent of Robert Mugabe as a triumph for British diplomacy. (Any lingering benefits of the doubt should be dispelled by Mugabe's importation of 150 North Korean advisors, bearing in mind the services Kim Il-sung's regime has rendered to the KGB, from the training of Mexican revolutionaries to that of Allende's most virulent extremists. It is surely poetic justice that they—the North Korean advisors—are running up steep hotel and whisky bills for Mugabe's government to foot.)

Aficionados of vacuous prose should get hold of a copy of the final communiqué of the Melbourne summit. The UN could do no better. □

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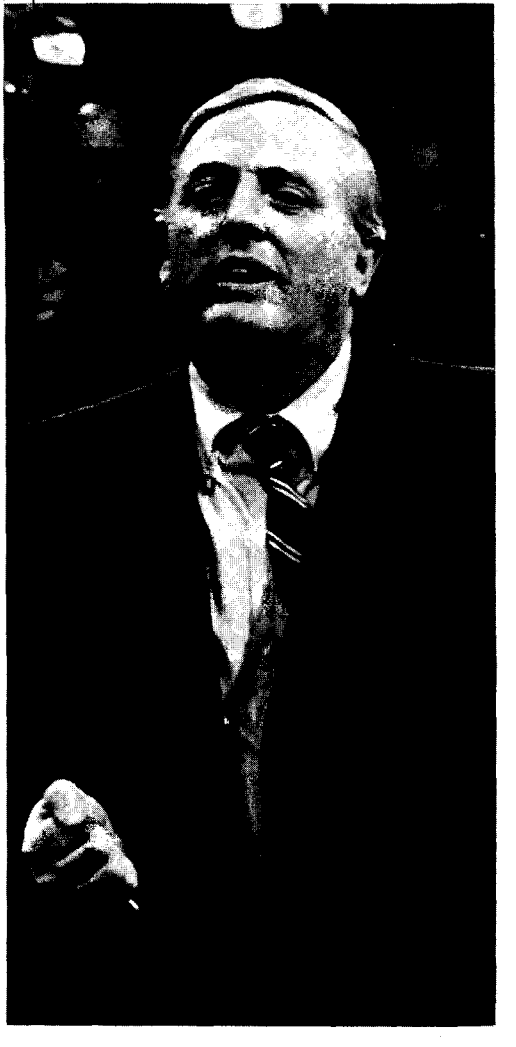

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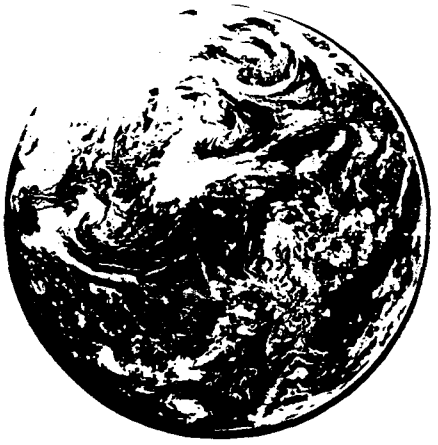

The Grey/Lurid World Of The TRILATERAL COMMISSION

RICHARD BROOKHISER

YOU CAN READ about them everywhere, even in the New York subways. "PIG REAGAN SHOT AS PART OF PLAN BY ROCKEFELLER-LED TRILATERAL COMMISSION TO INSTALL CIA PIG GEORGE BUSH!" is the headline, in twenty-point type, on the bold black-and-white posters of the Assassination Information Committee. The United States, noted Lyndon H. LaRouche Jr., "is already being transformed" under Trilateral Commission auspices "into a neo-Malthusian, fascist dictatorship." The Trilateral Commission, reports Liberty Lobby's *Spotlight* ("The Paper You Can Trust"), "can be described as a secret political party." For just $25 the Fund to Restore an Educated Electorate, a group of patriots in Waco, Texas, will send you one hundred copies of its analysis, in poster form, of "Semi-secret, ONE-WORLD, America-last operations," featuring the Trilateral Commission.

The John Birch Society's annual scoreboard of "Estimated Conspiracy Influence" explains that the Conspiracy embraces "the leaders of the Council on Foreign Relations, the Bilderbergers, the Trilateral Commission . . . and the various Communist parties." "A straightforward and reasonable conclusion," according to Antony Sutton and Patrick Wood, authors of *Trilaterals over Washington*, Vols. I & II (the covers show fire-breathing monsters hovering over the Capitol), "is that there has apparently been a covert fascist (national socialist) takeover of the United States government. . . . Trilateralism is the current operational vehicle for a corporate socialist takeover." William Appleman Williams, leftist revisionist historian, agrees: "The Trilateral Commission," Williams wrote in *Mother Jones*, "is engaged in the very serious business of sustaining the empire." "I have a suspicion," Harvard's wild-left George Wald wrote to the *New York Times* last August, "that John Anderson's try for the Presidency was invented by, or with the connivance of, the Trilateral Commission to cut into the Democratic vote and so secure the election of Ronald Reagan."

Ronald Reagan, campaigning in the Florida primary, would not agree that "the Trilateral Commission is a conspiratorial group or anything . . . I think their interests are devoted to international banking and that sort of thing." But John Connally said emphatically that the GOP "will never nominate a man who belonged to the Trilateral Commission." "What the Trilaterals truly intend," wrote Barry Goldwater in his memoirs, "is the creation of a worldwide economic power superior to the political governments of the nation-states involved." William Rusher, in his syndicated column, would say only that "people who cluster together so visibly have no kick coming if observers conclude, however mistakenly, that they had some coherent purpose in doing so."

"The ideological complexion of the Trilateral Commission," Irving Kristol observed in the *Wall Street Journal*, "does not significantly differ from the ideological complexion of our foreign-policy establishment as a whole. . . . But what if the elites have been basically wrong, and the populace basically right?"

The prime mover of the Trilateral Commission is David Rockefeller, and he went over its history with me in his office in Rockefeller Center. (The office is surprisingly homely—off-white walls, beige sofas, that kind of thing, though you do gradually realize that the Toulouse-Lautrec reproductions hanging about aren't reproductions.) Also present was George S. Franklin, the Commission's Coordinator.

Each year, the Chase Manhattan Bank, of which David Rockefeller has been Chairman of the Board, holds a series of International Financial Forums, whose purpose is "to promote Chase's business." At the 1972 forums, Rockefeller expressed concern over the world situation. "Governments were faced with an accelerating pace change" and an "increasing number of crises. They didn't have time to think." They were losing, in consequence, a "world outlook." The industrial democracies were in particular disarray ("This was a time of considerable discord among the United States and its . . . allies in Western Europe and Japan," is how the Commission's self-explanatory Q&A puts it). Nixon had just played the first card in the China suit, and the Japanese were miffed at not being forewarned. Rockefeller called for a "well-informed, diversified" association of opinion-makers to "form themselves into a little group and get papers written."

Rockefeller's idea did not fly at the Chase forum, but in

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April 1972, he repeated it at a meeting of the Bilderberg Society in Belgium. In the meantime, Rockefeller's first speech had been read by a number of academics, including Robert Bowie at the Harvard Center for International Affairs, Henry Owen at Brookings, and Zbigniew Brzezinski, then with the Institute for International Change at Columbia. Brzezinski liked what he read—not surprisingly, since he had already written in his book *Between Two Ages*, published in 1970, of the need for a "high-level consultative council . . . linking the United States, Japan, and Western Europe." (Rockefeller told me he had not read *Between Two Ages* when he delivered his talks, though he allowed disarmingly that some of the people who helped write them might have.) Brzezinski was at the Bilderberg meeting, and on the plane home he and Rockefeller discussed the idea. Brzezinski offered to take a two-year leave from Columbia if anything serious got off the ground. There was more talk that summer, in Japan, and at Rockefeller's home in Tarrytown, New York, where McGeorge Bundy, president of the Ford Foundation, indicated that the foundation might be interested in helping to fund the project. In 1973 the Trilateral Commission was formally launched.

The Commission now has about three hundred members —from Japan, North America (the United States and Canada), and Western Europe. Each region handles its own recruiting and fundraising, and has its own chairman (David Rockefeller is chairman of the North American group). Various people from other parts of the world have at one time or another wanted to join, but the tripartite structure that first occurred to Rockefeller and Brzezinski has been retained.

The Commission does everything in threes. Its annual "plenary meetings," which are three-day conferences, rotate among the high-rent districts of its three regions. At the conferences, the members hear and discuss task-force reports on specific subjects, all written by three member-authors, one from each continent. *Trialogue*, the Commission's quarterly, reports the main speeches given, and runs articles, often by non-members (e.g., Willy Brandt, Andrei Sakharov). Membership lists, task-force reports, back issues of the magazine, and a list of all American contributors who have given over $5,000 are available from the New York office, 345 East 46th Street. (The Commission is also listed in the Manhattan phone book.)

And the members? They are businessmen, academics, newsmen, a few union leaders, and former and current office-holders.* You've heard of a lot of them. "Clearly," said Rockefeller, "if you're going to have a group of this kind function, you have to have knowledgeable people." But not monochromatic people: just a "broad spectrum of what you'd call rational forces of opinion." How broad a spectrum? I asked. From Andrew Young to Senator William Roth, he replied. The North American third of the Commission was also anxious to have "no domination of one region over the other." To represent the South, the Trilaterals picked the young governor of Georgia.

The Carter years were a golden age for Commission members and conspiracy buffs alike. Carter was proud of his membership, and gave it a paragraph in *Why Not the Best?*, his 1975 autohagiography. "Carter apparently never missed a meeting," wrote Bruce Mazlish and Edward Diamond in a biography published four years later. "He treated it as a kind of graduate seminar in international affairs, and read all the working papers studiously." Carter also paid careful attention to Brzezinski, who was working away as the Commission's executive director. Brzezinski, according to a 1976 article in *The New York Times Magazine*, "spent time with Carter, talked to him, sent him books and articles, educated him." Some of Carter's old cronies disliked his new acquaintances. Hamilton Jördan was rash enough to tell a *Playboy* interviewer before the election that if a Carter Administration picked Brzezinski for National Security and Cyrus Vance (another Commission member) for Secretary of State, "then I would say we failed, and I'd quit. But that's not going to happen." Jördan was mistaken. Besides Brzezinski and Vance, Carter appointed over a dozen other members to posts of varying clout (among the most important: Michael Blumenthal, Secretary of the Treasury; Harold Brown, Secretary of Defense; Warren Christopher, Deputy Secretary of State; Richard Holbrooke, Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs; Paul Volcker, Chairman of the Federal Reserve; Andrew Young, Ambassador to the UN). Another Commission member had been picked by Carter at the Democratic convention—Walter Mondale. Carter, Rockefeller told me, "found in the Trilateral people he was impressed with."

Carter had known one of his Trilateral appointees—Andy Young—from Georgia politics long before either of them joined the Commission; many of his selections could have found their way into any Democratic Administration; and, once in place, they bickered and quarreled after the manner of all Administrations. Carter finally booted Blumenthal, and Vance chafed at both Young and Brzezinski. But it all looked good on conspiracy-minded posters, and the anti-Trilateral industry boomed liked Comsat.

Excitement reached a fever pitch early in the 1980 campaign when it became evident that the Democratic incumbent and the two Republican media-Playmates-of-the Month all were or had been members. George Bush had been invited to join early in 1977, after the Ford Administration had passed into history. He belonged for 17 months, and attended a single plenary session. He resigned from the Commission when he began campaigning seriously. But that was too late for his critics. Alarmed conservatives in New Hampshire and Florida hit the issue hard. "The same peo-

Then Reagan picked Bush for Veep, and Commission-member Weinberger for Secretary of Defense, and gloom settled over the Republic once more

*Commissioners must resign their membership upon entering the Executive branch of a national government.

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ple who gave you Jimmy Carter want now to give you George Bush," ran one ad. John Anderson was one of the eight Trilateralists then in Congress (the others: Brademas, Conable, and Foley in the House; Cohen, Culver, Glenn, and Roth in the Senate), and he wore his membership proudly—to the dismay of George Wald. Anti-Trilateral hopes seemed to rest on Ron. But then Reagan picked Bush for Veep, and Commission-member Caspar Weinberger for Secretary of Defense, and gloom settled over the Republic once more. "The Republican Party," sighed *American Opinion*, "lost the Trilateral Commission as an issue which it might otherwise have exploited to good advantage."

I asked Rockefeller what the Trilateral Commission had accomplished—what it had done that would not have been done if the Commission had never existed.

Most important, he thought, was the attention the Commission had paid to the Japanese. "They have come to feel part of the group. . . . It's been terribly important for them and for us. It has given them a sense of self-confidence." On various specific issues, he felt the Commission had been manifestly influential. "People in Administrations did what we hoped" they would do with Commission publications—"they read them."

The notion that the Commission's members might share a common point of view struck him as "totally absurd. There never could be a Trilateral position." (He is fond of citing attacks from the Right and the Left as proof of evenhandedness: "I suppose being called a Communist and Fascist at the same time puts me somewhere near the center of the political spectrum.") The Trilateral Commission's objective, Rockefeller concluded, "is to enlighten government and public opinion . . . If you want to understand what's going on in the world, you need to understand other people's opinions." It is an "educational body"—nothing less, nothing more.

There are, as we have seen, some intelligent people who think it is both less and more. But before addressing their arguments, we must clear away the dross. We must dispose, in other words, of about 90 per cent of what passes for analysis of the Trilateral Commission.

If anxious whispers about secret parties and covert takeovers sound familiar, this is because they are. Frank S. Meyer analyzed the relevant mindset in a column on the John Birch Society in NATIONAL REVIEW as long ago as 1965. "Although the main form the [Birch Society's] conspiracy theory takes . . . is the idea of a massive and overwhelming Communist conspiracy, a perusal of its literature . . . shows a partial acceptance also of a number of the other conspiracy theories that float around in its penumbra. One can find elements of belief in an Illuminati conspiracy, a Fabian conspiracy, a Bilderberger conspiracy, a Council [on] Foreign Relations conspiracy. Sometimes a number of these are held at once, without explanation of the patent contradiction, and sometimes there are dark hints of an unnamed super-conspiracy that masterminds all of them. The atmosphere is redolent of vast, mysterious evil, and the complex world of American political reality, in which all the participants—the good guys and the bad guys alike—are ordinary human beings, all partaking of original sin, is seen as a cosmic Manichean battlefield dominated by a monstrous force of pure evil."

As it was in 1965, so it is now. The more sophisticated anti-Trilateralists, of course, deny believing in "conspiracy theories," and insofar as they understand a "conspiracy" to be a secret operation, they are sincere. They could hardly profess to believe otherwise since, if the Trilateral Commission were a secret, it would rank as one of the worst-kept of all time. A group that gives out the names of its members and financial supporters, that publishes the papers read at its meetings, and whose alleged pawn in the 1976 elections boasted of his association with it in a piece of flackery distributed to thousands of people, is not exactly skulking in the shadows. Those who soar over this low hurdle, however, soon bog down in the water hazards beyond. The Trilateralists may play their cards openly—but they are no less willful and malignant for that. "There is no conspiracy. There is no plot," insisted Williams. "There is only organized power with a clear conception of what it is about."

It is when we ask, Organized by whom, and for what reason? that the troubles begin. Sometimes all the members, past and present, are seen as equally deep in the Commission's schemes. Indeed, the anti-Trilateralist must believe something of the sort, else why spend so much time monitoring the activities of stray members who go on to other things? Yet, at other times, it is held that some Commissioners may be, so to speak, dupes of a smaller Inner Circle. The chief duper, in this reading, is David Rockefeller. On the Waco, Texas chart, David Rockefeller sits in the center, spider-like, surrounded by a web made up of the names of members of the Trilateral Commission and the Council on Foreign Relations. Again, it is sometimes not Rockefeller alone, but a loose confederation of like-minded robber barons who are said to call the shots. "We are looking at a family or families," say Sutton and Wood, "a collective of power-holders . . ." Whenever the anti-Trilateralist gets down to cases, these careful distinctions vanish like smoke in the wind. There is left only incantation. Anyone who has

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touched the Trilateral Commission has touched pitch; he is marked with the mark of the beast. A member is a member is a member.*

What these members are pursuing is nothing less than control of the world. Here again, anti-Trilateralists divide. The real hard-liners anticipate a bald power grab—"a world government to be controlled by the Commission" is how "The Paper You Can Trust" puts it. The less fevered—104 degrees Fahrenheit, say, rather than 110—expect a more roundabout approach: a unified international monetary and economic system, regulated by the Trilateralists, that will make world government superfluous. Trilateral Commission reports and publications calling for "the management of interdependence" are cited as proof, and the consequences for those who refuse to be managed may be dire: "A flight from paper [money to gold] cannot ultimately be controlled by this Trilateral establishment. Their recourse will be to adopt Hitlerian or Stalinist measures: a Schachtian economy or a Soviet economy—if they can" (Sutton and Wood).

Commission papers on economic matters do indeed call for close international consultation—of which more later, for it is at this point (as when a computer programmed to generate random numbers produces, randomly, a fleeting pattern) that the world of anti-Trilateralism and the real world most nearly intersect. When the anti-Trilateralists pass from goals to motives, they head back out toward the Crab Nebula.

Sometimes the motive is simple greed. The League of Nations, for instance—according to Sutton and Wood, a group with the same purpose as the Trilateral Commission, and founded by the same sort of people—"failed because the 'club' saw more profit (both financially and for the goal of a New World Economic Order) in the Second World War. This aspect of world history," they go on, "has to be buried because it would highlight the amoral character of elitists." Starting world wars for fun and profit would certainly be amoral. As it happens, capitalists from at least Engels on have financed a variety of collectivist maniacs, for a variety of motives, cupidity among them. Lenin's remarks on capitalists and rope-selling are well known. Antony Sutton, in his pre-anti-Trilateralist phase, chronicled a lot of the rope trade. But it is a quantum jump from believing that businessmen, like all of us, sometimes sup with the devil, to believing in a business elite casually orchestrating cataclysms in order to swell its trust funds.

At other times, the Trilateral Commissioners are portrayed as idealists, fighting for an ideology, usually "Humanism." The proof, by anti-Trilateralist standards, is rock solid: no fewer than *seven* members of the Trilateral Commission serve at the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, and the same foundations support both groups.

In fact the anti-Trilateralists do not believe in ideas at all, except as passwords exchanged among members of cliques. When a would-be ruler of the world joins the Trilateral Commission, "Humanism" may be slapped on him, like an airport tag on a suitcase. But the crucial act—the act that defines him—was joining. Anti-Trilateralists cannot conceive of thoughts occurring to different men independently, or seeming attractive because of idealism, laziness, the pull of fashion, or any other of a dozen motives. Nothing exists in the anti-Trilateralist world but men and organizations; ideas are mere germs, contagions that pass between them. The farrago that Sutton and Wood make of "Humanism" and "Trilateralism" is typical: besides huffing and puffing about the Aspen Institute, they note that Corliss Lamont, author of *The Philosophy of Humanism*, was the son of Thomas Lamont, a senior partner of J. P. Morgan and Company, and thus a member of the *same* business elite that funds the Trilateral Commission today. Lamont's mother (Corliss's, not Thomas's) was *also* a member of the American Committee for Friendship with the Soviet Union. So? So, "the Lamont family epitomizes the links between Humanism, Communism, and New York financial interests," and "Humanism is intimately connected with Trilateralism." And, and . . . (Invaluable verbs, "link" and "connect," asserting relationships without defining them.) All this, from a chapter purporting to trace the evolution of an idea. Nothing exists unless it is reified in a group; and groups are sufficient to explain everything.

The peace and prosperity of the Trilateral world is not threatened by aggressors, spendthrifts, socialists, or other human types—only by problems

Leaving ideas—and necessarily minds, since minds are what ideas spring from—out of account, the anti-Trilateralists have very curious notions of how individuals behave. Lacking minds, men can neither change them, nor be of two minds.

What, for instance, would an anti-Trilateralist, or an anti-Rockefellerite generally, make of George Gilder? Here is a Rockefeller operation if ever there was one: raised by the Beast himself, farmed out to the ranks of liberal Republicanism and the Ripon Society. Even now, he expresses his gratitude to the Rockefellers in the Preface to *Wealth and Poverty*. And yet, at some point, George Gilder . . . changed his mind. Or did he? We don't know what the hard-core anti-Trilateralists think, since Gilder, having no connection with the Commission, is irrelevant to their preoccupations. But we do know they have a dim opinion of supply-side economics; after all, Senator Roth (a Commission member) is the Roth of Kemp-Roth, which is held to be a fraud, a worse than useless substitute for gold-buggery.

Fixated on his pet organization, the anti-Trilateralist commits stupendous omissions. There are no executives from NBC on the Trilateral Commission; yet, until America finally pulled out of the Moscow Olympics, NBC was paying lavishly for the privilege of televising them—in the opinion

*Barry Goldwater, for all the dark things he said about the Commission in his last book (frequently cited by the pinheads), evidently believes some Commissioners are better than others: he voted to confirm Weinberger as Secretary of Defense.

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of James Burnham, "the biggest propaganda bonanza the Kremlin ever struck," arguably the greatest propaganda coup since the Berlin Olympics of 1936; certainly more deleterious to the world at large, if it had come off, than fifty years' output of the Aspen Institute. Again, for years now the Soviets and the West Germans have been at work on a deal to build a three-thousand-mile pipeline to bring Siberian natural gas to Western Europe. When completed, the pipeline could significantly Finlandize the NATO countries. German companies will supply the lion's share of equipment and financing—pipe from Mannesmann AG, compressors from AEG-Telefunken, Marks from a consortium headed by Deutsche Bank AG. Don't wait for the anti-Trilateralists to tell you about it, though—they are busy watching their favorite cabal, to which not one member of these three firms belongs.

What, finally, of the Soviet Union itself? Anti-Trilateralists acknowledge its existence; indeed, one of their gravest charges is that the Trilateral elite works together with it in planning the new world order. And yet one frequently gets the impression, reading the anti-Trilateral canon, that if only our megabusinessmen flew right, there would be no Soviet Union, or any other problem. No Hitler, no Stalin; no manifestos, Communist or humanist; no Lenin or Marx, no John Dewey or Sidney Webb. Collectivism, positivism, agnosticism—it is all epiphenomena, spume cast up by J. P. Morgan. The position, though ludicrous, is soothing, for it is, ultimately, easier to attack a few hundred plutocrats than reverse a climate of opinion; and, on a deeper level, since there will always be plutocrats and problems, we will never lack for easy targets.

The anti-Trilateralists may not know much about men, minds, history, or Communism. They do know whom David Rockefeller brunched with last Tuesday.

Saying what the Trilateral Commission doesn't do begs the question: What does it do? And what should we think of it?

Sociologists tend not to analyze the people who join the Trilateral Commission and kindred groups, spending most of their time on Appalachians or Papuans instead. (Papuans, after all, can't read the studies, and have no grants to rescind if offended.) It's too bad, because a *Middletown* of the Trilateral Commission would be as interesting as anything sociologists tend to do. There would be profiles of representative members—Georges B. and Takeshi W. and David R. ("David R., 66, worships in the Baptist Church and works in a bank.") Charts and graphs could be drawn up, and obvious common-sense conclusions could be trotted around in elaborate palanquins of data.

The most gung-ho members, the sociologists would discover, are the academics. It's easy to see why this should be so; a moderately successful career in the Trilateral Commission is more rewarding than academic work, and much easier. No more wrangling with journals or scheming to deny an enemy's protégé tenure. This is the big time. At worst, they have a three-year stint hobnobbing with all the fellows they've been writing about. At best, they win a free trip to the office next to the Oval Office. If the sociologist is an ironist (unlikely, but let's pretend), he will particularly savor

The anti-Trilateralists may not know much about men, minds, history, or Communism. They do know whom David Rockefeller brunched with last Tuesday

David R.'s account of Zbigniew B. "volunteering" to help set the Commission up. (If he is a fan of Samuel Johnson, he may even remember the phrase from the letter to Lord Chesterfield, the one about encumbering with help.) What did R. expect B. to say? "Gee, Dave, I'd love to, but I've got so much work as it is; and besides, Columbia's so *interesting* . . ."

There are, as I say, several PhD theses here. But sociology, because it deals with features common to all groups, takes us only so far. What distinguishes this group?

David Rockefeller's answer is, as we have seen, Nothing. To him, the Trilateral Commission is a medium, merely, an agent of enlightenment and a forum for discussion. I tried several times to suggest that the way questions are put may affect the answers that emerge, and that patterns of questions will yield a pattern of answers. He would have none of it. The Commission's publications, he insisted, represent only "the synthesized points of view of a collective of people, who are well informed on a given subject that has importance at a moment of time."

This is wrong on the face of it, for the synthesis of all points of view would be chaos. Rockefeller acknowledged as much when he used the word "informed," which implies the coexistence of its opposite, "misinformed," and implies further a standard by which we decide what misinformation is. Lyndon LaRouche, for instance, is excluded from the Trilateral Commission, to everyone's relief but his. What prejudices shape the Commission's standard?

As good a place to start the examination as any is Zbigniew Brzezinski's *Between Two Ages*—though not because the book, as the anti-Trilateralists would have it, is an agenda to which all Commission members subscribe. It was, after all, published 11 years ago, three years before the Commission was founded. Perhaps not even Brzezinski now believes all of it. (Let's hope not.)

But it is symptomatic. It reflects Brzezinski's thought at one point, and hence reflects on the thought of respectable academic circles. Its author was eminent in his profession. *Between Two Ages* called for an organization like the Trilateral Commission, and sure enough Brzezinski served as Director of the actual Commission for three years when it was founded. Hundreds of powerful men were exposed to him, and tolerated the exposure. *Between Two Ages* may be taken as a sample of what does not rub large numbers of our leaders the wrong way.

Lord Keynes was fond of saying that public men were the slaves of the ideas of academic scribblers. He did not add

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that this is also true of scribblers. If anti-Trilateralists believe in no ideas, Brzezinski, on the evidence of this book, may be said to believe in every idea. *Between Two Ages* is a swamp, filled with the rotting trunks of old thoughts and the tangled vines of new ones. Like many swamps, it gives off gas. *Global information . . . common scientific language . . . pluralistic religious responses . . . international peacekeeping forces . . . home-based education through television consoles . . . electronic home-voting consoles . . . permanent information linkage between the universities of New York, Moscow, Tokyo, Mexico City, and Milan* [does Brzezinski own stock in an electronics firm?] *. . . a synthesis of the scientific and the spiritual . . . exploiting science in the service of man but without dogmatically prescribing the destiny of man*—every factoid and bromide you heard in graduate seminars or on TV talk shows ten years ago whirls past in a delirious blur. Brzezinski knows how much iron was smelted in Russia in 1887, how many telephones there are in Indonesia today, and what was said at the latest Catholic-Communist dialogue. He quotes Gunnar Myrdal, Daniel Bell. Worse, he has read them.

Some of these thoughts are more important to him than others. *Between Two Ages* offers both a theory of history and a prescription for the future. Examining history, Brzezinski identifies three successive "augmentation[s] of consciousness" (the phrase is Teilhard de Chardin's): the emergence of universal religion, of nations, and of Marxism. Religions—primarily Christianity—gave mankind the idea of a universal God; nations instilled notions of citizenship and equality before the law; and Marxism "awaken[ed] the masses to an intense preoccupation with social equality." Each of these impulses, however, has gone awry. Religions and Communist parties alike have ossified, while nation-

states are being sapped by the demands of international trade, economics, and communications.

But Brzezinski does not despair, for he sees in the present turmoil "the seeds of a globally relevant perspective." These seeds require active cultivating. Domestically, the American political system will have to be revamped and rationalized; thanks to improved communications (again!), Brzezinski foresees "increased authority at the lower levels and almost instant national communication." Out in the world at large, the global perspective will engender a community of developed nations, actively concerned with the world's problems (Brzezinski's "high-level consultative council" makes its bow in this section). Eventually, this community may embrace the "more advanced" Communist countries. If all goes well, humanity will enjoy a "more personalized rational humanist world outlook" replacing "the institutionalized religious, ideological, and intensely national perspectives that have dominated modern history."

Perhaps what first strikes one about all this is its unrelation to the daily papers. It may be cruel to return to such a book after 11 years; Brzezinski did not claim to be reading a crystal ball, only trying "to make sense of present trends." But even the most generously inclined reader would have trouble forgiving a book—a paean to "a more personalized rational humanist world outlook"—from which he looked up a decade later to notice that among the most prominent persons in the world it purported to make sense of were: a semi-senile Communist ideologue who has recently ingested Afghanistan; an aging and fanatical Islamic clergyman; a Polish electrician; a Pope; and a seventy-year-old radio broadcaster, movie star, and after-dinner speaker, who (to add insult to injury) reached his present position over the dead political bodies of three Trilateral Commission alumni.

But surely the most important feature is the all-pervasive planning. Plans are everywhere; they swarm like bugs under a rock. "Technological development makes it certain that modern society will require more and more planning." Fortunately, technology will aid the planners it has called into being: "The rapid transferral of information, combined with highly advanced analytical methods, would also make possible broad national planning . . . not only concentrating on economic goals but more clearly defining ecological and cultural objectives." Here Brzezinski pauses—for it has occurred to him that combining social planning with personal freedom is a "key dilemma." But the pause is brief, and he bustles on. Business executives can contribute "new management techniques." "Cultural reform" requires planning too—"the element of deliberate and conscious choice may be even more important here than in the transformation of complex institutional arrangements. . . . It would be a step in the right direction to give international bodies a larger role in economic development . . ."

I have said that *Between Two Ages* is not a manifesto. I am not disappointed to have found no exact repetitions of its prescriptions in Trilateral documents, because I have not looked for them. But the ethos of the book—the planning mentality—alas appears again and again. The authors reporting to the Kyoto session on "The Crisis of Democracy," for instance, hold that "political democracy requires eco-

(Continues on page 1367)

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Comments ON THE PORTLAND DECLARATION

Please let me express my humblest and most sincere thanks and praise to *NR* and to Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn for "The Portland Declaration" (Oct. 16).

One small point of contention. Point 26 said: "Nor can the pursuit of happiness on this Earth be a permanent aim of a believing person." May I remind Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn that the Kingdom of Heaven, as well as being a physical location where the Lord lives, is additionally to be understood as potentially "within us" (see the synoptic Gospels). Thus, in my opinion, happiness is attainable on Earth.

Brian Joyce
Alameda, Calif.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn's seventh point ("Right is right and Left is wrong") must have been written very hastily. It's as sensible as, "God loved dogs, so He gave them His name backwards." Most people have greater facility with their right than their left hand; hence, favorable references to right, unfavorable to left. There is no natural relation to this in terms applied to government, else Nazism would be preferable to Soviet Communism, or, for that matter, to the present French government.

Conservative theory will have to do better than that.

Signed by my left hand,

Frank W. Oglesbee
Carbondale, Ill.

I believe conservative theory is useful, and so is Kuehnelt-Leddihn's manifesto. Yet, as must be expected, there are many points one wishes to quarrel with. Three (not the most important) have the virtue of requiring little space.

Point 1: I don't see the need to make the argument from design part of conservative theory. It is not necessary to support a belief in God, let alone conservatism.

Point 6: "All forms of leftism . . . inevitably are totalitarian." All forms? Bosh. Some surely. So are some forms of rightism. But my friend Sidney Hook is a social democrat. He certainly is not a totalitarian. None of his assuredly leftist theories are totalitarian in their implications. And note that Sweden was governed by leftist governments for 44 years, a long time in politics. They were miserable governments, egalitarian and silly. But never totalitarian. Freely re-elected for 44 years, they did not interfere with essential democratic freedoms and, finally, were defeated in elections. A manifesto is fine. Sloganeering is not.

Point 24: "The notion of legal positivism—i.e., that whatever a state decrees is legally and morally right—is to be rejected." Legal positivists believe (somewhat tautologically) that a law legally enacted is legally valid, and is not legally invalid even if morally wrong. I know of no legal positivist who believes that "whatever a state decrees is . . . morally right."

Manifestos gain by accuracy. This one could gain a lot.

Ernest van den Haag
New York, N.Y.

My old friend Dr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn expresses with his accustomed eloquence some sound general principles with which I am in general agreement. But he ought not to endeavor to erect these into a rigid ideology; he ought to repair to Burke on the distinction between "abstraction" and "principle." Kuehnelt-Leddihn is somewhat disingenuous in his glancing definition of ideology: he knows well the origin of the word, and its Marxist connotations.

Ideology is political fanaticism; and as H. Stuart Hughes expressed it once, "conservatism is the negation of ideology." The great conservatives have acted and written not on bodiless abstraction, but on the foundation of convention, custom, and historic experience. We ought not to steal the Marxists' clothes while the Marxists are bathing.

To try to fit the conservative mind and character to a procrustean bed of ideology would reduce the conservative impulse to a congeries of political chirping sects, eager to detect deviationists of one stamp or another. Dr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn praises diversity; but ideology prescribes narrow conformity. I think of Phyllis McGinley's lines:

For-or-against's the only rule.
Damned are the unconvinced, the floaters.
Now all must go to public school,
March with the League of Women Voters.
Or else for safety get allied
With a unanimous Other Side.

I am not inclined, even in the good company of Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, to submit myself to that unanimous Other Side.

Incidentally, I refer Dr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn and anybody else interested in

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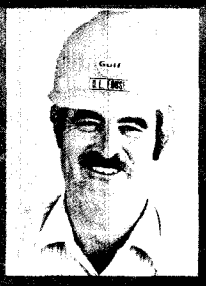

"It's life as usual in the big wildlife reserve nearby," says Orval Fouse, Supervisor, Utilities & Environmental Engineering at Gulf's Port Arthur, Texas, refinery. "The snow geese still spend a few months here each year during migration. The marshes around the refinery are still full of raccoons, otters, minks, muskrats, even some deer and bobcats.

"To me, that's very good news, because it means they're totally unaffected by the fact that, for the past 20 years, we've been refining what's called 'sour crude.'

"We call it sour because it contains a lot of pollutants. We have to take some sour crude when we buy oil overseas. Of course, we can't release those pollutants into the air. So Gulf spent millions of dollars modernizing this refinery to handle this type of crude. For 20 years now, we've been refining over 100,000 barrels of sour crude a day, and as you can see by the wildlife around here, the air quality is as good as ever."

We have prepared a brochure, "In Search of Balance," on the ways and means of balancing energy and nature. You may have a copy, free, by writing to Mr. William E. Moffett, Vice President, Public Affairs, Gulf Oil Corporation, Department SG, Box 1166, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15230.

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

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"Can oil and wildlife mix? They do at Gulf's Port Arthur refinery."

Snow Goose (C. Caerulescens), photographed near Gulf's Port Arthur refinery by Dr. John Tveten.

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PRESS REPORT

Hats Off To The Wall Street Journal

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

TOCQUEVILLE noticed a connection between "associations" and "newspapers," concluding that associations fostered newspapers, and newspapers, associations. If he were writing today, he would point to the *Wall Street Journal* as a nice example of his theory.

Fifty years ago the *WSJ* had a circulation of 33,000 and was on the ropes. It was even then the voice of what could have been called conservatism, but there was no audience to create the newspaper.

Two years ago the *WSJ*'s circulation for the first time, topped that of the *New York Daily News*, and the *WSJ* became the biggest daily paper in the country. Biggest, indeed, in the world. It was publishing for an audience that would shortly go to the polls and send a true-blue conservative to Washington with a stunning victory.

But the *Daily News* is strictly a New York paper; the *WSJ* is national, published in five regional editions, with type set via space satellite communications, and with news coverage of the highest order.

Nay, more: a steady reader of the editorial page alone will acquire, over a period of a few years, a familiarity with just about everything that's going on. Looking over the issues of the past four weeks I find international coverage that qualifies the paper as an international observation post. Irving Kristol (if I don't identify the writer otherwise, he's either on the *WSJ* staff, or is a regular columnist) finds NATO going down the drain; Leopold Tyrmand (Rockford Institute) analyzes the meaning of the Polish resistance; Richard Donnelly (*Barron's*), in Dublin, notes the ancient history of fasting as a weapon in Gaelic and Hindu cultures; Gerald Seib analyzes Nicaragua and its meaning for Central America; an editorial urges Reagan to help Taiwan in every small and unofficial way possible; an editorial urges Reagan to take a more active role in Indochina; George Melloan, in Moscow, reports on the lot of the average guy in a police state.

If you like to keep up with political trends, you would have read the following: Gary Schilling (consultant) on the Democratic tax bill (he war agin); an editorial calling for dismantling the Federal Election Commission; an editorial supporting a New York state hydroelectric power distribution agency; Professor Diane Ravitch (Columbia) explaining why ERA has failed; an editorial showing why Cleveland's electric utility customers must pay higher rates now that Cleveland Electric has been forced to abandon its plans for a nuclear facility.

And the *WSJ* gives a good deal of attention to military matters; the Taiwan and Nicaragua pieces had military resonances; Everett Martin has an essay on ways to combat guerrilla forces; an editorial calls for clearly stated goals in military procurement and budget policy; the Indochina question was essentially military.

EXCLUDING the light verse and the always deft cartoons, the editorial page offers a steady flow of cultural commentary, miscellany, and what must simply be called good reading (i.e., good writing): Vermont Royster, the serene classicist, on fiftieth anniversaries; Edmund Fuller, one of our finest literary critics, reviewing Pamela Hansford Johnson's *Bonfire* and indeed her whole opus; Frederick Klein on Little League baseball—yes, Little League.

Economics—as Arlene Croce once said of Eros at the dance—is present, but not in command. There are editorials analyzing the failure of the "block grant" strategy and urging the government to let the Savings & Loans solve their own problems; Lewis Lehrman (now on Reagan's commission to study the gold standard) writes an article urging a return to the classic gold standard; Eugene Birnbaum (an insurance executive) and Philip Braverman (executive, Chase Manhattan) write a shallow essay attacking "monetarism," which is easily refuted, one week later, in a letter from Milton Friedman (Keeper of the Marbles).

The remarkably broad, informative, and entertaining editorial pages have played a role, no doubt, in turning the *Journal* into our national paper. Daily circulation is approaching two million; readership may be as high as ten times that figure. The *Journal* has not paid the price of blandness, as did the *Reader's Digest*, to embrace the masses; but it has quite visibly avoided ideology and faction. It remained aloof from the intellectual conservative movement when it was a mere tributary, for a deep-water vessel stays in the mainstream. And it strives always to forge a larger consensus: there can be no other explanation for its hospitality toward Walter Heller, Hodding Carter (that hapless Carterite), Arthur Schlesinger Jr., and most recently, and most startlingly, Alexander Cockburn, the America-hating parlor revolutionary of the *Village Voice*.

It is one thing to publish a paper and run an association as the British once did an empire, by inviting the dissidents into the government in order to tame them. It is quite beyond cleverness to print, in a national paper, such remarks as these from the Cockburn articles: "Gore Vidal once remarked on a talk show that 'fag-baiting is the last socially acceptable form of bigotry.' If we accept his possibly optimistic assessment, bigotry is on the rise in the Reagan era" (July 2). And (July 28): "It is not the least index of President Reagan's achievements that bribery, somewhat shame-faced during President Carter's prudish reign, has regained its proper stature as a respected adjunct of the American Way." Perhaps the *Journal*, in a coming editorial, will explain what those sentences mean, if they have any meaning at all beyond the infantile level of mud-throwing.

Well, but for that, the paper's editorial page is an out-and-out pleasure to read, day by day—and I have been reading it without missing an issue since 1955. □

Mr. Rickenbacker is the editor of The Rickenbacker Report, *a financial and investment newsletter.*

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NORTHERN IRELAND

A Modest Proposal

JOHN P. REIDY

THE LINES of division in Northern Ireland are clearly drawn. Irish Nationalists have been discriminated against and relegated to second-class citizenship ever since the partition in 1922. For hundreds of years before that their ancestors had received even worse treatment. Generations-old memories do not fade. These Irishmen remain unreconciled to British rule and view it as foreign occupation of *their* land. Even papal pleas for an end to violence go unheeded. The tenacity of their will was clearly manifest in those who slowly starved themselves to death. These people will never be ruled from London.

British Unionists, on the other hand, are proud of their history, their traditions, and *their* land. They view English rule as a civilized standard and a bastion of law and order. Those who oppose this rule are traitors at best, wanton criminals at worst. The Unionists are willing and able, by means of an effective general strike, to force a rejection of any power-sharing government with the distrusted Nationalists—let alone anything resembling Irish unification, which to their mind would necessarily lead to political, economic, and religious dislocations. These people will never be ruled from Dublin.

Thus, we have one land and two peoples—not an altogether unique situation in the history of the world. Any proposed solution which presupposes continued British rule will be rejected by one-third of the population; any which implies possible Irish rule will be rejected by two-thirds of the population.

The governments of Great Britain and Ireland are also in an uneasy and untenable position. If Ireland were united tomorrow, would not the Unionists resort to the same tactics that they now condemn—that is, resisting a government they would view as a foreign occupation? Clearly the major political parties and public opinion would not be amenable to unification if it were not acceptable to the majority of all segments within the Northern community. Even if unification could be accomplished peacefully and in a manner agreeable to a majority of those involved, what would the effect of a million new citizens—20 per cent of the united population—of different national and cultural outlooks be on the parliamentary and political stability of the Irish Republic?

The British government appears to be incapable of maintaining a semblance of order in Northern Ireland without imposing the lifestyle of a garrison state. How long can that intolerable situation continue before democratic commitment to individual liberty becomes irreparably diminished? Secret British government studies, which were revealed to the public by the IRA, indicate that it will never be possible to thoroughly contain and suppress paramilitary groups and operations in Ireland.

Warfare Inevitable?

The British and Irish governments, meanwhile, remain ambivalent. The British would probably be quite receptive to any plan that could conceivably rid them of the burden of Northern Ireland, but they are afraid of the consequences. The Irish would like to annex Northern Ireland but are not unmindful of the dangers of a forced unification. Is warfare then inevitable, as the result of an attempt to compel people to accept as rulers those whom they would not freely choose to govern them?

In March of 1775, Edmund Burke put forth his proposition for a reconciliation between the North American colonies and their mother country. Fortunately for the American Bicentennial celebrations his advice went unheeded. The gist of Burke's idea was in part that the American people should be allowed to do what they bloody well pleased: they will do so regardless, he said—they cannot be forced to do otherwise. Two hundred years later, Burke's realization that a people's acceptance of political and social directives must flow from their own dispositions may yet set the foundation for peace in Northern Ireland. However, in order for this foundation to be poured, traditional concepts of nationality and territoriality must be transcended.

The solution is simple in concept, complex in execution, libertarian in inspiration. Let the people who choose to be ruled from London be ruled from London. Let the people who choose to be ruled from Dublin be ruled from Dublin. My proposition, in short, is co-territoriality: one geographical area

Mr. Reidy, a Chicago schoolteacher, has traveled extensively in Ireland.

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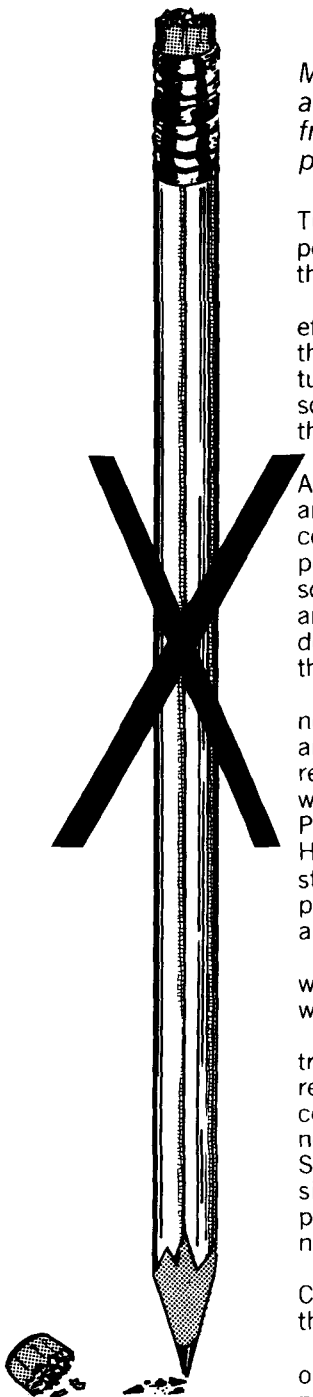
The pencil problem—1990



Monte Throdahl is senior vice president for Monsanto. He recently addressed a Washington, D.C., conference on toxics control. The following is extracted from his prepared text. He describes it himself as "an exaggeration to the point of outrage." That it may be. But it does make a point.

This is the story of the U.S. pencil industry. Remember, we are looking back from our vantage point of 1990. It's strange to think that, back in 1979, just anyone could use a pencil any way they wanted to.

You see, it all started when the Occupational Safety & Health Act carcinogen policy went into effect. The graphite in the pencil leads always contained a residue of crystalline silica. And there was at least one animal test and an in-vitro test indicating that crystalline silica produced tumors, so the material became regulated as a carcinogen. There was no alternate for pencils, so exposure had to come down almost to zero. Workers were put into protective clothing, and that solved the problem initially.

But then the Environmental Protection Agency, acting under the Clean Air and Clean Water Acts, which soon had their own carcinogen policies, required drastic reductions in emissions and effluents. The control technology was quite expensive, and only the largest manufacturers could afford it. This caused a flurry of antitrust suits in the early '80s when there were only three pencil makers left in the country. One of the three was split into smaller companies, but they soon went out of business since they were unable to afford increasingly stringent workplace and pollution control requirements. Then foreign pencil manufacturers began to threaten to dominate the pencil market, and our government, in an abrupt about-face, allowed a merger of the two remaining companies to meet overseas competition.

The Consumer Product Safety Commission then became concerned with what the newspaper headlines were calling the "pencil problem." Rubber erasers could be chewed off and choke small children. The sharp points of pencils could also be dangerous. There were residual solvents in the paint used on pencils, and pencil-chewing seemed to be a more widespread habit than anyone had realized. Printing a legend on each pencil that said: "This Pencil Could Be Hazardous To Your Health," did not seem to affect consumer pencil habits, a Harvard study indicated. In fact, the study found additional potentially harmful uses, such as stirring coffee. This led FDA to declare that harmful substances could be dissolved out of the pencil into the coffee, and thus pencils violated food additive laws, including the Delaney amendment.

Trying to salvage its business, the pencil company began making pencils without paint, without erasers, and with only soft leads so they would not hold a sharp point. But consumers were outraged, and sales declined.

Then someone invented a machine that could measure crystalline silica below the part-per-trillion level, and workplace, air emission, water effluent, and waste disposal regulations required that the best practicable technology be used to reach this low level. The pencil company was threatened with financial ruin because of the large sums needed to purchase new control equipment. There were those that wanted to ban pencils entirely under the Toxic Substances Control Act, but the government decided that pencils were necessary, particularly since they were used to write new regulations. Besides, the Senators from the state where the pencil company was located declared that pencils were as American as baseball, and should not be replaced with ball-point pens.

So the government bailed out the pencil company with a large, guaranteed loan—called a Chrysler loan in those days. But, of course, that was only a temporary measure, and to protect the pencil business, the government eventually nationalized it.

It is comforting to know, after all, that society is being protected against a danger that was so obvious we didn't even notice it for many, many years. There are still those who complain about paying $17 for a pencil, but you really can't put a price tag on health or safety.

MILLIKEN & COMPANY

TEXTILE LEADERSHIP THROUGH RESEARCH

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with two parallel governmental infrastructures.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was inconceivable to the Western mind that people living within the same state could have conflicting religious beliefs. This idea was reflected in and perpetuated by the famous *cuius regio eius religio* doctrine of the Peace of Augsburg (1555). In most of the West today, few people express concern about the religious bent of their neighbor, much less try to convert him forcibly. Millions of people interact daily without giving the slightest thought to each other's religious practices or lack of such; nevertheless, the essential unity and cohesiveness of the social bond remains intact. The fabric of society is not rent; the day-to-day pursuits of the people are carried on as usual.

Pledging Allegiance

Toward the closing decades of the twentieth century, is it not possible for a land of sizable proportion torn by *deadly* disagreement to reach a level of understanding where opposing elements can pay allegiance to different political structures while coinhabiting the same territory, without deadening the overall social, economic, and cultural life of the nation? The thesis of this essay is affirmative, although reaching this level would be difficult. Perhaps future generations will perceive that political homogeneity is not necessary to the harmonious functioning of a nation, as we now realize that religious homogeneity is not necessary to that end.

Under co-territoriality, the people of Northern Ireland would choose to be British or Irish citizens and be issued appropriate passports. They would elect members to Parliament or to the Dáil and be entitled to the health and welfare benefits of their respective governments. Schools are no problem: for all practical purposes a dual system already exists. Personal taxes would be paid to one's chosen government; commercial taxes paid to the government of the business entrepreneur; stockholders would select the nation of incorporation and the beneficiary of corporate taxes. To ensure the utmost fairness, criminal cases and civil suits would be conducted within the legal system of the defendant. During the Middle Ages, after all, in most of Christian Europe strong ecclesiastical courts flourished alongside civil courts. China had extraterritorial courts for foreign nationals around the turn of the century.

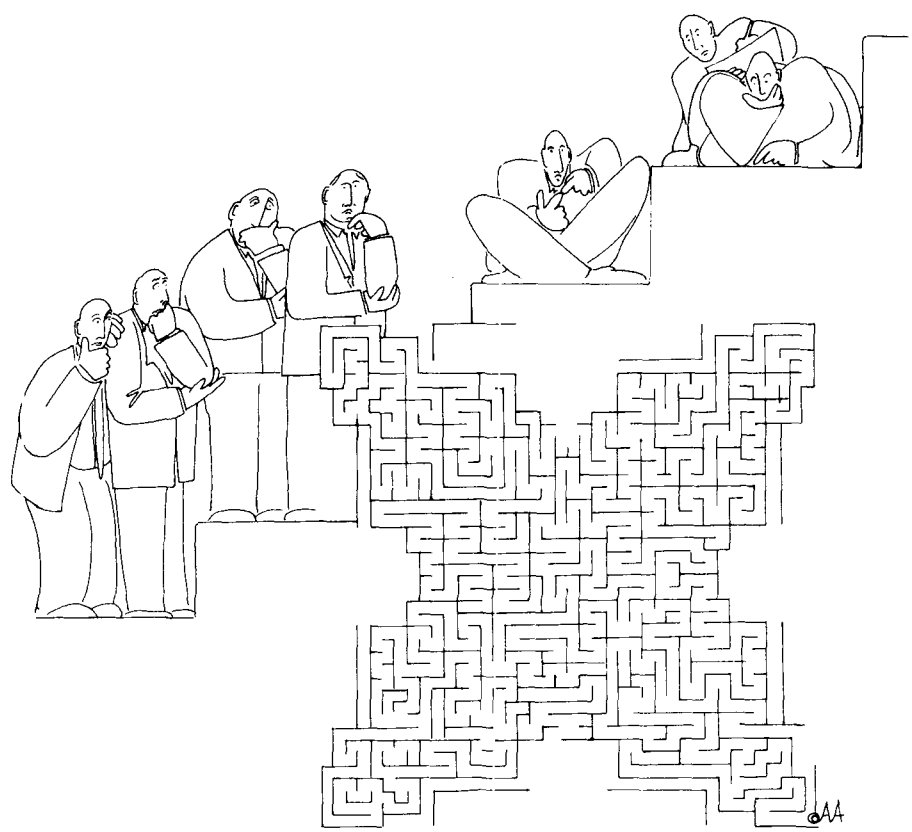
The scheme just sketched is obviously, and of necessity, incomplete. It is intended to be heuristic. The final plan with all the minutiae of complex detail must be the cooperative work of the people directly involved. One can safely say, however, that with co-territoriality each side will realize what it wants. British Unionists will remain citizens of Britain and will consider their country to be part of Great Britain, which functionally it will be. Irish Nationalists will become citizens of the Republic of Ireland and will consider their country to be part of the Republic, which functionally it will also be. There will no longer be a need for one to force the other to follow its political ways. Once the elements of force and fear are eliminated, violence will rapidly dissipate.

Thus, Unionist and Nationalist paramilitary groups will fade, and England will no longer have to sacrifice its noble democratic ideals and institutions to a garrison state. While the IRA has long had a vivid literary and romantic appeal, its current fascination with Marxist ideology (more on the part of the political Official wing than of the radical Provisional faction) is inimical to the flowering of Irish democracy. Although Marxists make excellent revolutionaries, their commitment to individual freedom once they gain power is to say the least disappointing. The arrangements under co-territoriality will vitalize the democratic impulse in both nations.

Cooperation—in Time

Furthermore, the basis for a genuine cooperative spirit can be developed in time between the two communities. As the fear of political coercion and violence lessens, everyday concern about governmental services will increase: collecting the garbage, repairing the streets, securing police and fire protection, etc. Shared efforts in providing governmental services such as these will become commonplace. Córas Iompair Eireann and Northern Ireland Railways along with Ulsterbus currently cooperate in the issuance of unlimited travel tickets and operate some common rail routes; such cooperation demonstrates that mutually beneficial arrangements can be worked out for the provision of many social services.

There will, no doubt, be a strong competitive factor in providing many



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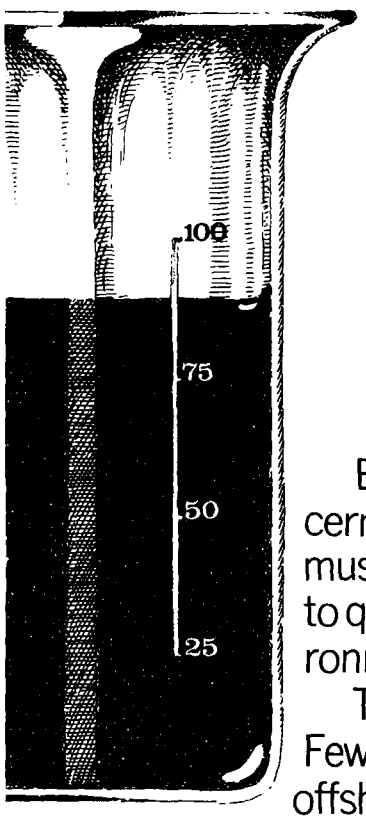

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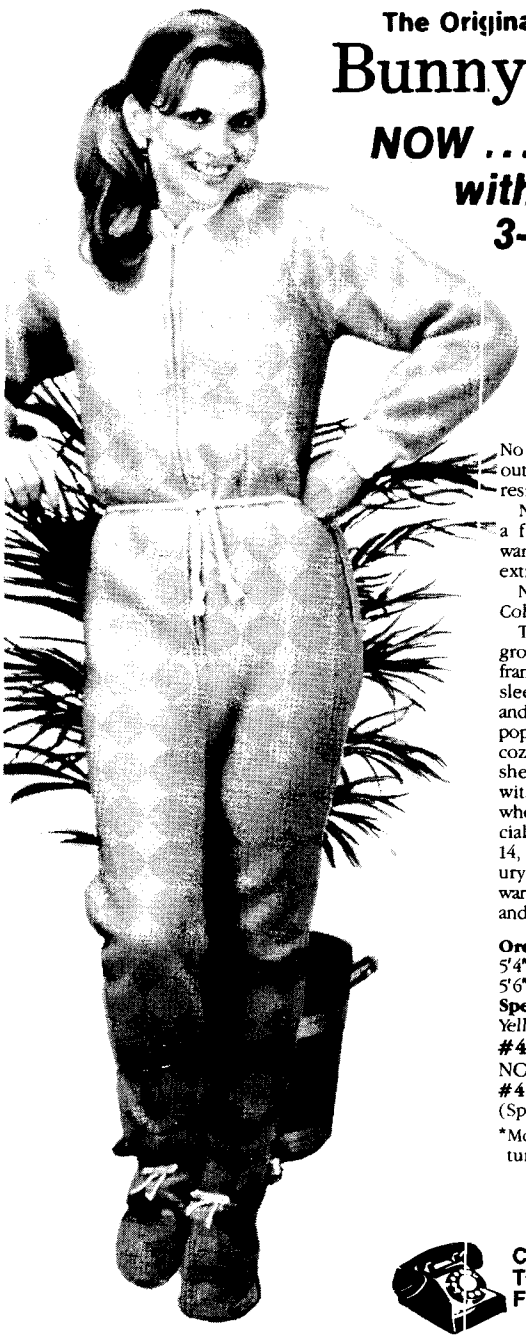

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other services. The free-market principle can become operative for the first time in selecting government services and, indeed, even citizenship. Which government can deliver mail faster and cheaper for the postage paid? Which can better maintain a stable currency and control inflation? Which can provide the best overall services for the taxes collected? In a generation or two such considerations may become more important in the choice of citizenship than whether one's great-grandfather fought with the Fenians or the Orangemen in 1867.

Whose Advantage?

The free market could eventually form the foundation of a political unity to which all sides would freely assent as a result of practical experience and not of sloganeering and terrorism. Then government could return to its quintessential *raison d'être*, as Aristotle taught, of helping to provide the means necessary for obtaining and living the good life. It could be said that because of its greater wealth, Great Britain would have an economic advantage over the Republic of Ireland in a competitive situation. However, with continually growing Irish prosperity coupled with voluntary donations from concerned Americans and other sympathizers around the world, the initial British advantage could eventually be equalized or at least substantially lessened.

Popes and parsons and politicians and plain people have called for peace in Northern Ireland. All pleas have fallen on the deafened ears of extremists and terrorists of both sides. But peace cannot come by merely wishing for it. Nor can it come to a people diametrically divided on fundamental questions. The cry of Moses will resound again: "Let my people go!" One cannot hold a people nor win a people by force. Let the people go. The Irish should let those who want to be British be British. The British should let those who want to be Irish be Irish. No one should have to abandon his homeland in order to do so. The problems and bureaucratic tangles, which statesmen must resolve in order to realize this end, pale to insignificance in comparison with the widowed wives, the orphaned children, the bereaved parents, the grieving nation. □

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ON THE POLLYANNA FRONT

We have built the largest industrial machine in the world. We are the only country in the world that can handle quantum infusions of money. These are facts, not forecasts. The sky is not falling

Oh, Henny Penny!

ROBERT J. CLARK

IF YOU HAVE been reading the current press you can hardly have missed those full-page advertisements showing the face and shoulders of a stern-visaged man who shouts that financial, fiscal, and economic doom is just around the corner. The only way to forestall the consequences of this imminent horror, you are told in the advertisement, is to subscribe to the forecasting "services" or buy the book of this particular Cassandra. He, having powers of prescience not available to the rest of us, will reveal for your $25 or $150 or whatever that you must fill your basement (if you live on the 11th floor of a Manhattan apartment building, you had best move and *get* a basement) with powdered eggs and similar tasty comestibles, plus various other necessities. Although I have never finished reading the advertisements, and although I never got beyond the first page of one of the doom books, I presume the point is that you must be entirely self-sufficient for a period of one, two, or more years while the French Revolution is reenacted here.

The doom-criers are not as stupid as they sound. They probably are not stupid at all, because they must make a lot of money to pay for full-page advertisements. But they are no more credible than the man with the frayed jacket and holes in his shoes who sells hot tips at the race track. Even a superficial analysis of the doom-criers' forecasts will make it evident that they are worthless, because they purport to tell their suckers what will actually happen in the future.

Nobody knows what will happen in the future. For example, you are probably certain that you will be alive when you have finished reading this page. But you do not know that you will be. To make a reliable forecast of what is going to happen is impossible, except in the physical sciences, for a thousand reasons, including technological advances, weather, wars, human error, and so on. Intelligent analysis can tell us what are the present forces acting to shape the future and what the results might be. These analyses can provide good tools for preparing for the future, and a daring forecaster may even venture to say that the outcome is likely to be such and such. Unfortunately, we Americans are en masse a wildly hysterical people who want sensational rather than rational solutions. So the doom-criers sell books and make money.

In the first place, even if the doom-criers were right, their prescriptions are a waste of time. If, midway through the revolution, you appear well-fed and healthy while your neighbors who did not have your fine pipeline to the future are starving, just how long do you think it will be before hungry teenagers (or even policemen) tear your house and you apart to get at your store of food?

But, as it happens, the doom-criers' forecasts of economic chaos and disaster are almost certainly wrong. A far better bet is that this country is about to step over the threshold of the biggest boom the world has ever seen. As I said, though, forecasts are useless. So let us examine the building blocks of that boom. They exist right now. If we take the trouble to look, they are in plain view.

The first of them is President Reagan.

Since 1933, except possibly during the Eisenhower Administration, we have been firmly in the hands of Lord Keynes's insane economic philosophy, which was, essentially, to dish out a lot of money to create purchasing power. Such an economic policy is perfect for venal politicians whose cynical views of how to run a government extend no further than the next election. Perhaps it is unfair to classify President Carter among the venal, vote-buying politicians. He apparently did not have the faintest idea what being President of the United States was all about and thus may not have entertained the usual Democratic cynicism. But for most of half a century our politicians have been buying votes with national credit and with printed money. In so doing they brought us to the edge of economic chaos.

Fortunately their reign was cut short

Reagan has started us off in a new direction, based upon the concept, enunciated by Jean-Baptiste Say in 1803, that the economy must produce before it consumes

Mr. Clark has a BA in psychology from Stanford, an MS in mechanical engineering from Harvard, and a PhD from New York University. He is, among other things, a seventh-degree black-belt in Tae Kwon Do (Korean karate), a racing-car driver, and an investment advisor.

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before they could take us as far down the road to destruction as the English have gone. The American people had the good sense to realize where we were heading and throw the rascals out. And it was the greatest of good fortune for us that the right man was there to take over: Ronald Reagan. He has started us off in a new direction, based upon the concept, first enunciated by Jean-Baptiste Say in 1803, that the economy must produce before it consumes.

If the keystone of the edifice is President Reagan's economic policy, it rests upon a structure put in place by the men who wrote our Constitution: a free economy in a free society.

In this free economy we have a splendid climate for investment, an environment in which private capital formation can take place. Even after the erosion of the last half-century, as socialism has crept upon us, our capital markets, compared to those of most of the rest of the world, are about as free as the wind. There are limitations, of course: major changes in ownership must be reported and recorded, we have capital-gains taxes, there is double (sometimes triple) taxation of dividends, insider trading is frowned upon, and so on. But those are minor impediments to capital formation compared to the monumental advantages of doing business in our land.

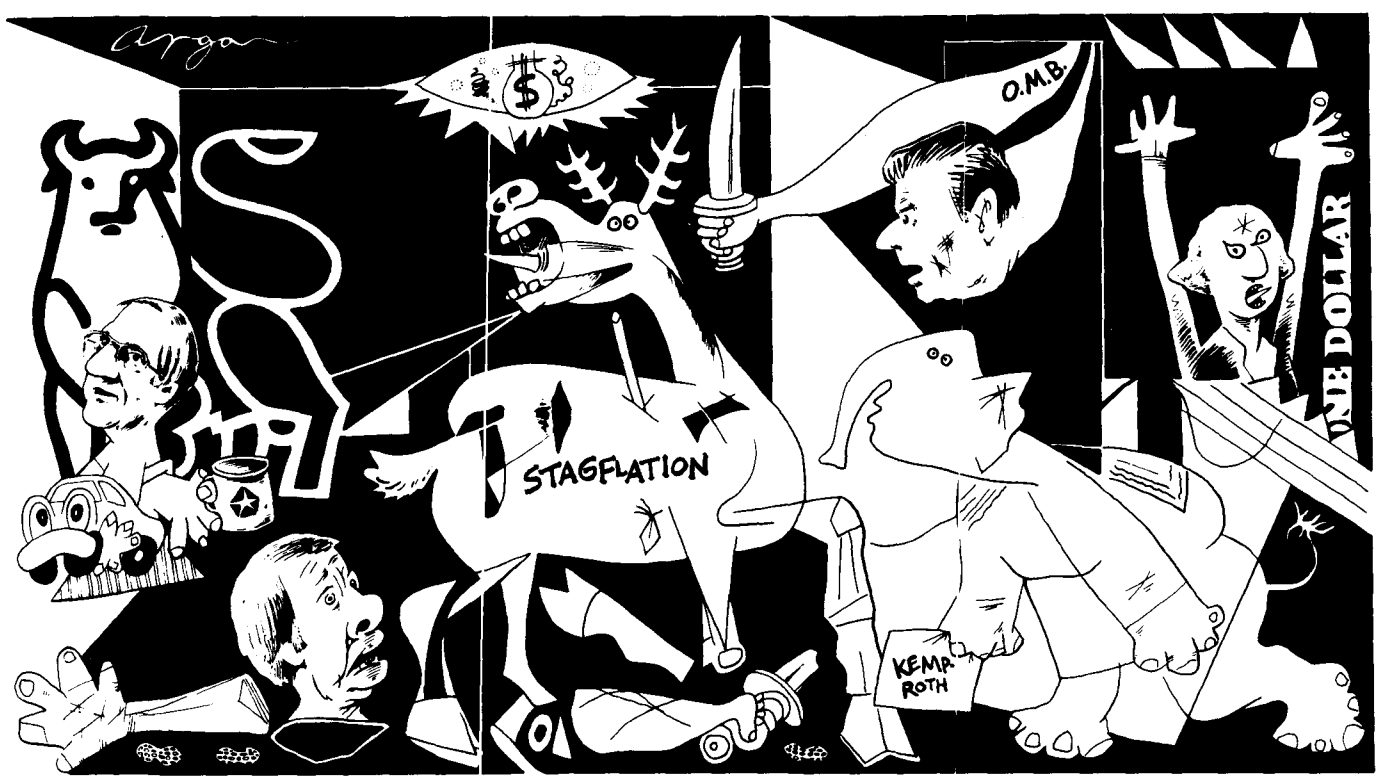
In America, anybody who is not a known criminal can go into the capital market. (Of course, whether he will get the money he wants depends upon his skill in entering the market and upon the merits of his project, for he is competing with plenty of others, unfortunately including our own government.) It all started two centuries ago, under the Buttonwood Tree on the south end of Manhattan Island. Those who needed money came there to meet others who had money to put to work. A true market developed where buyers and sellers came together, the commodity being capital. They negotiated freely, and private capital thus became available. From the Buttonwood Tree came our various stock exchanges throughout the country.

That capital comes from private sources is basic to our economic and political system. The only other source of huge chunks of capital in an organized society is the government. But when the government supplies the capital, it controls the capital goods, jobs, products, prices, and thus the lives of its citizens. That is known as socialism or Communism or whatever you wish to call it. It has proven to be very inefficient.

The relatively free movement of private capital in our capitalistic system takes place within a free society guaranteed by a scheme of checks and balances on the powers of the government. Maybe the powers of the government had been getting out of hand even so, and maybe we were about to become submerged in the sticky mess of Washington red tape. Just in time, we went to the voting booths and stopped it.

But the point, as far as building blocks are concerned, is that our system has built the largest industrial machine in the world. That means there is no place in the world to which enormous sums of capital such as those our Arab friends possess can go to be invested except to the United States.

Hong Kong has a free (and wild) capital market, but Hong Kong is too small to absorb all the capital piling up around the world. Germany, Austria, France, and Switzerland are fine but they are too small. Germany has an added disadvantage in its co-determination policy, wherein there is mandatory labor representation on boards of directors, an arrangement that tends to destroy the adversary relationship between labor and management that is necessary to keep equilibrium. England? Don't be silly. The Scandinavian countries have systems which seem to work (somewhat) for them, but they could not absorb all the money waiting to be invested. Italy and Spain? Not yet. Egypt,



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Morocco, Mexico, Canada, Brazil? Not yet. South Africa? Not big enough. Japan? Much too restrictive. Greece, Turkey, and the oil states of the Middle East? Not now. Lebanon? Absolutely. Lebanon could handle it. But there is one little problem: war. And so on. That leaves us.

We are the only country in the world which can handle quantum infusions of money. We are the only country in the world with a free enough capital market. We are the only country in the world with an almost unlimited scope of investment possibilities. We are the only country in the world with virtually limitless information available about investment possibilities, in annual reports, 10-Ks, analysts' reports, and so on. These are not forecasts: these are present facts.

We earlier spent at least four years telling the world that America has no policies, no direction, no sense, and no leadership. Eventually President Reagan will convince the world that our march toward destructive socialism has stopped and that people with good sense are running things in Washington again.

Nobody has to tell even the most unsophisticated investor that gold is a sterile asset. It carries a premium when he buys it, costs money to store it, and can fluctuate down as well as up, yielding nothing in the meantime. Gold—the doom-criers' darling—is a hedge, not an investment.

But a share in American industry (through the ownership of stock) is a dynamic asset, one which yields dividends (if the enterprise is successful), and one which can grow. So, when the world becomes convinced that we are back on a sane course, the investment money will pour in from all over. There are also enormous pools of domestic capital waiting until the nervous money-managers make up their minds that a trend has been established. As our course becomes clear, pension, trust, union, and other funds will realize they are missing the boat, and they will jump in—making more money available as capital. Everything is in place. All we have to do is wait.

After World War II, the Germans and the Japanese had a great advantage over us economically. I suppose they would hardly have considered it an advantage at the time, but it was. Germany had had its industrial machine bombed out of existence. Japan had none to speak of in the first place. So each had to start from scratch. Their economic miracles were built upon the need for hard work and the fact that their industrial machines were all brand new and therefore more efficient than ours. Some of our industries are still operating with machinery installed in the last century, partly because our industrial management was too fat and happy and partly because our tax laws did not give enough encouragement to spending for capital equipment. But with a flood of capital coming in and more intelligent tax laws, there should be more money for modernizing capital equipment and for research and development, those two being the mother and father of profitability and progress.

We must pile these building blocks one upon the other to create the structure. We can do that. But we can also destroy the whole process and wind up with no structure at all if we are beguiled by the increasingly loud siren song of protection raised by labor and business alike.

There are many (including me) who feel that the Smoot-Hawley tariff of 1930 brought on the worldwide depression of the following decade. We established high trade barriers. Naturally, others set up barriers in response. World trade was stifled. The Smoot-Hawley tariff probably had much to do with the rise of Hitler and Japanese military adventurism, and hence with the outbreak of World War II. Countries with the warrior attitude will be inclined to use military force when they are cut off economically. The Japanese explicitly labeled their war as one for economic purposes—the establishment of The Greater Southeast Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.

Labor has become so fat and powerful that it can sing its song of "American jobs cannot be given away to coolie labor" and make the politicians listen. Businesses which take full-page advertisements extolling the virtues of free enterprise are the first to scream for tariffs or quasi-tariffs when their particular market is invaded by imports. Working together, labor and business constitute a force of such power (in money and votes) that their cries for protection cannot help but be heard.

If this voice is not only heard but listened to seriously, our building blocks can come tumbling down around our ears. The shooting-fish-in-a-barrel attitude of both labor and management—who do not want to compete but want artificial captive markets for what they produce and sell—is our weak point. Inflation is disastrous, a recession is uncomfortable, unemployment is painful, but tariffs are inexcusable.

Laugh at the doom-criers, pray we do not get tariff-happy, and rest easy. We are on the right track for the first time since 1933

Examine what we have going for us now. Study the world as it exists. Think about the natural forces at work. Remember that the Soviet Union's loss of more than twenty million people in World War II created a demographic dip (negative baby boom) and that those babies not born thirty years ago leave the Soviet Union with a present shortage of engineers and technicians. The Soviet Union could not support a long war. Also remember that there are many Moslems in the Uzbek SSR and other parts of Soviet Central Asia. Some of them do not like the Russians any better than we do, so a war or famine could cause an internal upheaval.

Then think of those pools of capital a-building all over the world, and try to figure where they can be invested except in the United States. Then thank your lucky stars (and your wisdom in the 1980 election) that we have a President who will lead us back to the paths of probity and good sense. Add it all up and you cannot but conclude that, at least until January 21, 1985 (January 20 is a Sunday), everything is coming up roses. Laugh at the doom-criers, pray we do not get tariff-happy, and rest easy. We are on the right track for the first time since 1933. □

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help !!!!

A Silver Lining

Stash the pretzels; hide the gum:
TV makes the kiddies dumb.
Tests confirm the TV tube
Turns your tot into a boob.
This is not some sit-com scene;
It's from *Parents' Magazine.*
Since they're dumber every day,
Let's disband the NEA.

W. H. VON DREELE

"You're a liberal and, by God, you're going to remain *a liberal!"*

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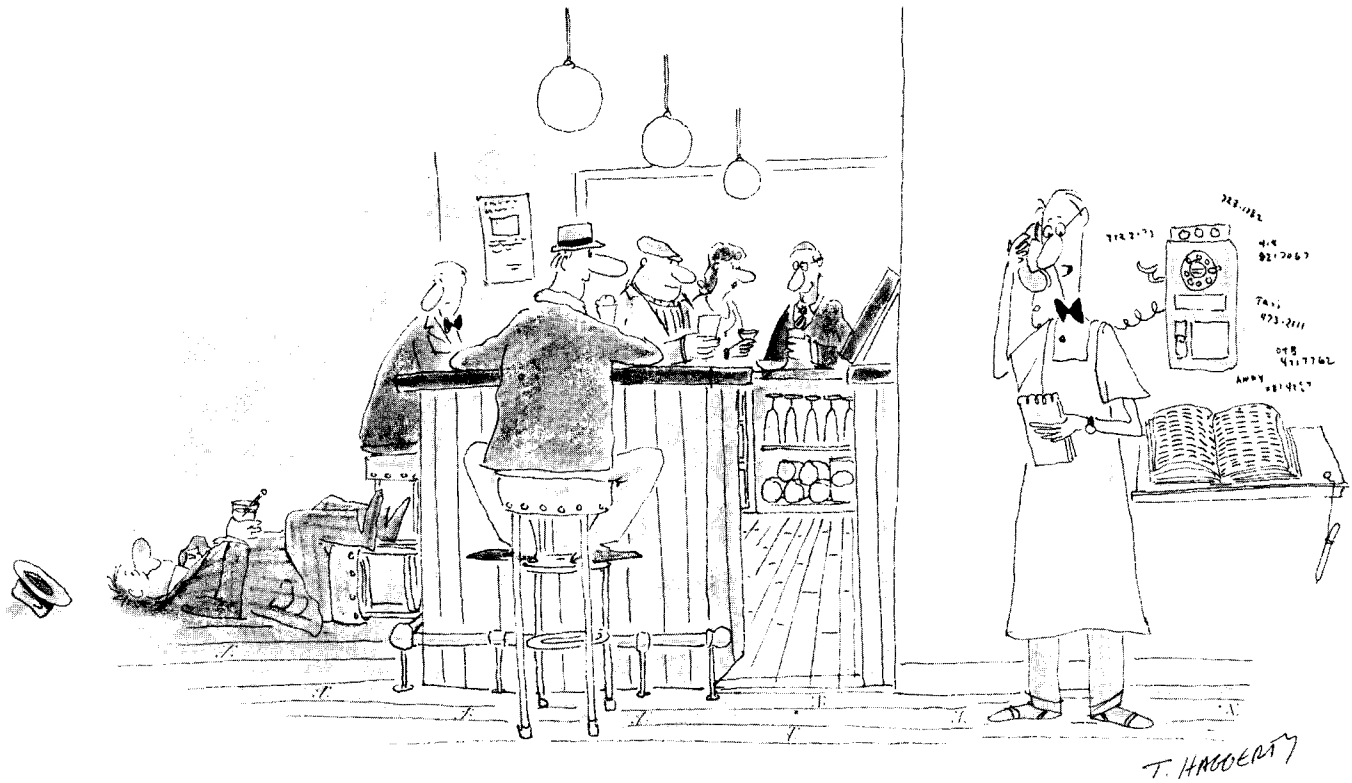
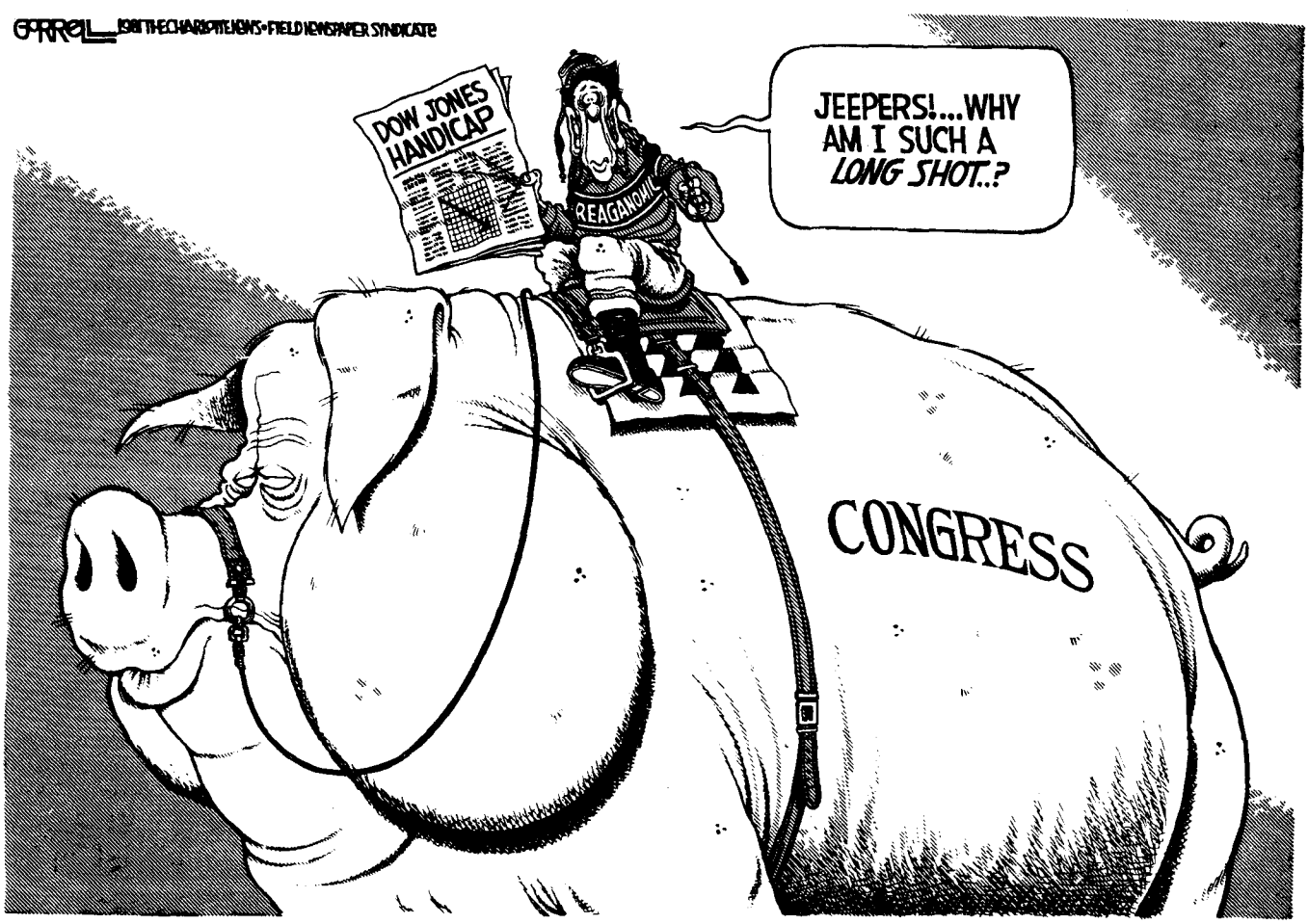


"Okay, we've got four in favor of escalation, three opposed, and one no opinion."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CONGRESS

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Peace, Peace!

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

DEMONSTRATIONS for peace—for peace at any price—are shaking the heart of Europe. The demonstrations, many of them violent, are taking place west of the Iron Curtain only and, needless to say, with the blessing of Moscow. Since President Reagan's declaration that the United States will produce the neutron bomb, these noisy upheavals have reached a new zenith, and tainted even the German Evangelical *Kirchentag*. The largest to date occurred a fortnight ago in Bonn, and a quarter of a million people turned out for it.

It should come as no surprise that atomic development is upsetting to the man in the street: the thing is too big for him to understand, assimilate, and digest intellectually. He has only his emotions to fall back on. (I personally believe the N-bomb in fact represents a certain progress, in purely human terms. For all of us death is, finally, unavoidable; but the destruction of great works of art and architecture is not. If a certain number of people are going to be killed anyway, there is no reason why Florence, say, should be burnt to ashes as well.) But however incapable the ordinary person is of coping intellectually with atomic development, he nonetheless owes to it what security he has: without the atomic threat, the fake peace established in 1945 would have come to a terrible end a long time ago.

The "Green People," who violently oppose the construction of atomic power stations, are, more or less, the same people who demonstrate against both the stockpiling of nuclear missiles in Europe and America's production of the N-bomb. But the "peace movement" in Europe is fed by a variety of sources.

Stupidity, Dread, Etc.

There is, of course, rank stupidity, which has always been the strongest, most violent and pitiless element in human history. There is also the vague but genuine fear of the unknown, combined with an animal dread of death. And there is a mounting dislike if not hatred of technology, stemming from the monotony created and the iron discipline imposed by the machine. To complete the vicious circle, there is anti-Americanism, which is intimately connected on the one hand with anti-technological sentiments and, on the other, with the leftist caricature of America.

Anti-Americanism, anti-technologism, and anti-capitalism are firmly linked in many minds. One sometimes hears, among European leftists, wistful references to the mythical possibility that we might have lived forever in the wonderful world of the Middle Ages (complete with Gothic spires, spinning wheels, and candlelight), or in a perpetual Renaissance (with marvelous music, humanism, and emancipation), or, best of all, in the bosom of nature (among shepherds and shepherdesses à la Rousseau) if only the wicked, materialistic Americans had not developed a civilization of machines and, moreover, taught us the worship of money.

What many Europeans would like is to see the Continent west of the Iron Curtain become a "third force," pursuing an independent policy and aligned with neither the U.S.A. nor the USSR. If the Western European nations had a common public philosophy, were not internally divided by ideological parties, and did not suffer from national egotism and pettiness, this might be possible. As it is, most Europeans realize (whether they admit it or not) that we need not only the American alliance but also American leadership, so the anti-American forces are making a stand. Ronald Reagan is depicted as a power-hungry, dictatorial, war-mongering fiend determined to fight out World War III on the backs of peace-loving Europeans.

What about the Europeans' attitude toward the very real menace emanating from Gulagistan, east of their borders? All the talk about "naïve Americans" ought to be supplemented with some talk about "naïve Europeans." There are those who realize that Sovietization would bring untold horrors, but they imagine that these would amount to a lesser catastrophe than war and death. Then there are those who are prepared to accept socialism, cherishing the notion that every person should be employed by the state, with all the security that implies, and believing that Eastern barbarism could be softened, tamed, and gradually eliminated in Western Europe. This is truly a racist view, and, moreover, is quite unrealistic. He who knows the history of the French, German, and Spanish Revolutions knows better.

Needless to say, the evaporation of religious belief, the hedonistic view of life, and the disappearance of a sense of honor and of patriotism are all playing into the hands of the Communist East. Here we must remember that, during World War II, armed resistance *decreased* with the relative "progressiveness" of a people.

Christian Temptation

In addition, one should never underestimate the leftist temptation within Christianity, to which Catholics as well as members of the Eastern churches have frequently succumbed. In these older churches with a monastic tradition, the danger is particularly strong; the faithful easily fall prey to the notion that the communitarian ideals of the monastery can be realized in the secular world. Yet, for a few to sacrifice voluntarily their natural, God-given freedom is one thing; a universal, coercive monasticism, which turns the world into a prison, is quite another.

The other Christian temptation is pacifism, though only a superficial reading of Holy Scripture can lead one to the conclusion that Christianity is "pacifistic." Christ was no enemy of soldiers and, while recommending meekness and condemning aggression, He told us that He had come to bring not peace, but the sword. Contrary to a widespread notion, the early Christians included a considerable number of soldiers, officers, and generals. Not a few of the great saints in the Catholic as well as in the Eastern Church have been warriors, as witness Saint Francis, Saint Ignatius, Saint Joan, Saint Louis, Saint Martin, and many others. And yet a Catholic theologian in a high position declared not so long ago that all wars are illegitimate. He was not, however, Hans Küng. He was the conservative Cardinal Ottaviani, and he was effectively contradicted by Pius XII. □

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Alasdair MacIntyre Takes Flight

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

One of the contemplative pleasures of modern life is a transcontinental airline flight—five hours during which telephones do not ring, mail does not come, and one has come to peace with death and God. Human beings were not meant to hurtle through the air at 650 mph, and one's body makes anxious protest, knowing its survival is conditional. The spirit, almost free, delights.

Thus, reading in the air is especially exhilarating. The mind seems clearer, imagination more intense. In such a circumstance, recently, I read a book whose words alone would bear the mind aloft, the reading of which at thirty thousand feet seemed most appropriate. Alasdair MacIntyre is a son of Scotland as were David Hume and Adam Smith, a trained and cautious philosopher, a clear and lovely fashioner of prose. In *After Virtue* (University of Notre Dame Press), he seizes ambition in his teeth and steeply climbs aloft. He tries to gain a better view of our culture's moral convictions and its moral education than the philosophers of the Enlightenment have had. He asks us to start over.

Since the Enlightenment, moral philosophers in legions have taken on themselves a project which, after some two hundred years, MacIntyre observes to be an abject failure. Their project was to place morality upon a rational basis; yet all around us we see interminable moral arguments that we have no rational way of settling. All has been reduced to choice, to the irrational, to various emotivist tactics: you choose *x* and I choose *y*. The public expression of this radical abandonment of reason is political protest. Placards denounce *y* and cheer *x*. We do not, cannot, reason with each other.

MacIntyre offers a parable. Suppose a tribe of people lost their original moral and intellectual culture, except that fragments remained to them, rules ripped from their context, words whose original meanings had been lost and for which loose guesses had been supplied. Someone who undertook to weave these fragments into a rational whole would probably create a caricature. This has been our predicament. We do not understand our original moral culture.

MacIntyre recognizes that there are subcultures in our midst closer to the original moral culture than our universities and literary cultures tend to be. He also recognizes that there are many survivals of the original moral culture, often inarticulate, in our own dim memories and expectations, hints and traces left by stories we have heard and classics we have delighted in. He proposes that before continuing the unlikely project of the Enlightenment, we look again at the starting point. He turns to Aristotle to grasp clearly those portions of the original moral culture which the writers of the Enlightenment failed to understand.

MacIntyre has long been offended (as a good Scot ought to be) by the severe individualism of the British utilitarian and liberal tradition. Like Aristotle (and like his countryman, Adam Smith), he recognizes that ethics is a branch of politics. Ethical questions are always in part social questions, because the human being is part of an historical people, a culture, an ethos, a political system, and an economic system.

He is brilliant in his dissection of the inevitable limits of the social sciences. Like Thomas Sowell in *Knowledge and Decisions*, and like those neoconservatives who write of "the limits of social policy," MacIntyre exposes irremediable weaknesses both in the social sciences and in their darling child, socialism.

Like most of those who reject socialism, on the one hand, and liberal individualism, on the other, MacIntyre in effect joins the tradition which descends from Aristotle to Aquinas, and from Montesquieu, Smith, Madison, Burke, and Tocqueville to today. He notes his debt to Jacques Maritain and J. L. Cameron. He does especially useful work in showing how the proper mainstream of ethical discourse is the narrative or story that a culture and its participants make exemplary. Rules make sense, he shows, only within stories. These stories are both cultural and inherited by individuals. They are given original and distinctive shape by each individual, and yet belong to all.

In opposing Aristotle to Nietzsche, and in returning to the narrative classics of the West, MacIntyre reclaims the vision of human life within which the common sense of ordinary decent people makes sense—the sense lost to the academy and the "adversary culture." He performs that act of intellect many good people grope for but lack skills to achieve. He returns to them, roundly justified, their moral convictions.

MacIntyre's weakness lies in his residual antipathy to capitalism, to commerce, and to industry. This weakness shows up most clearly in his praise of the hero, that narrative staple of our original moral culture. The original culture of the West, alas, was more highly developed in its moral teachings than in its experiments with political and economic liberties. Ancient Athens was based on slavery; ancient Sparta on cruel repression; the Britain of Arthur on warring landlords. Political and economic institutions to match the power of moral insights had not yet been invented.

Contemplating the virtues praised by aristocrats, feudal warlords, and the clerisy, the Founders found them lacking in liberty, moderation, and effective improvement in the lot of the poor. In institutions of commerce and industry, matched with the political liberties slowly won by the "free cities" and "free republics" of Western history, they saw new sorts of virtues—less heroic, more modest, a sort of "plain wisdom" closer to the "homely teaching" of the Gospels—better suited both to liberty and to the advancement of all nations in decent prosperity.

MacIntyre soars. The Founders of the new republic, with its distinctive virtues, bumped along on more rutted highways with an exhilaration of their own. □

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Books Arts & Manners

The Tenuous Revolution

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

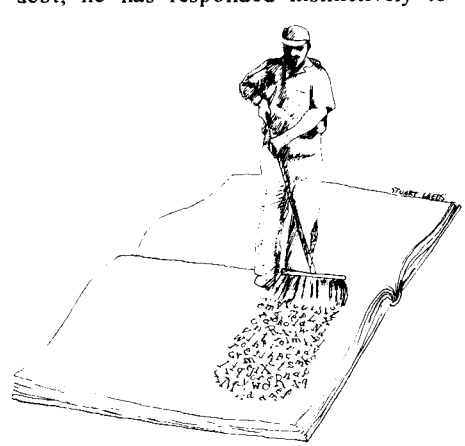
The Reagan Revolution
By Rowland Evans and Robert Novak
Dutton, 257 pp., $12.75

Rowland Evans and Robert Novak's *The Reagan Revolution* comes out just as the first threatening efforts to get a counter-revolution going are taking shape. Up until August, Ronald Reagan, with the help of the tremendous good will generated by his would-be assassin's bullet, had it easy. He had established both the scope of his program and the priorities involved in carrying it out. There would be the budget cuts and the tax cuts. Budget-cutting would be a continuous thing until prosperity had brought the government accounts into balance, which would happen by 1984. Meanwhile Washington would offer new leadership to the anti-Communist forces in the world, with the quick fixes of the cruise missile and the neutron bomb restraining the Kremlin while the MX was coming along and the CIA was being restored to effectiveness. The claims of the Moral Majority would not be forgotten once the economic priorities had been satisfied. The environmentalists would have to accept trade-offs, with cost-benefit analysis applied to proposed added increments of pollution control. Detroit would be let off several hooks. The public domain would be protected, but a reasonable search for oil and minerals in wilderness areas would be allowed.

The odd thing about it, as Evans and Novak see things, is that Reagan himself does not think in terms of revolution. As an entrepreneur in the business of communication, Reagan perceives himself as a man of simple common sense bent on restoring the laissez-faire attitude that made America inventive and prosperous in the first place. Within limits he accepts welfare—"no one will be left behind." But the "safety net" should be just that; welfare should not be permitted to become a way of life for anybody with the ability to work.

Reagan's margin over Jimmy Carter would seem to indicate that a majority of Americans agree with Reagan's view of what constitutes common sense. But the disturbing thing about the Evans and Novak book is the authors' conviction that the whole "revolution" depends on the leadership of one man. "Without Ronald Reagan," they say, "the Reagan Revolution would end." With a couple of exceptions (David Stockman at OMB and Jim Watt in Interior) Reagan has surrounded himself with people who would have fitted nicely into an Eisenhower or a Ford Administration. He likes it that way—it enables him to do the decision-making without producing scare headlines in advance.

Evans and Novak might have called their book *The Tenuous Revolution*. In the matter of economic theory, for example, Reagan himself has never used supply-side rhetoric. Yet, out of his memories of Coolidge America, when Andy Mellon was cutting taxes and at the same time reducing the national debt, he has responded instinctively to the counsel of Congressman Jack Kemp, who himself has had able theorists and analysts behind him (Jude Wanniski, Arthur Laffer). The Kemp influence is the leitmotif of the long economic sections of this book. After the Iowa disaster, Jeff Bell, a Kemp-Wanniski follower who had not been on the best of terms with Reagan, was called on to provide "spots" for the New Hampshire primary campaign. What Bell, the conqueror of Clifford Case in New Jersey, gave Reagan was pure supply-side stuff, though not identified as such. It went over big with the blue-collars in New Hampshire, and sent Reagan off and running toward the nomination.



WOULD the tax cuts promised in New Hampshire have become a reality if Kemp had not remained on the scene? Reagan was surrounded by advisors who had other things on their minds. Pollster Richard Wirthlin saw little yardage in Kemp-Roth. Arthur Burns was against cutting taxes while added defense expenditures loomed. Herbert Stein and Alan Greenspan were no supply-siders. Milton Friedman, though not theoretically against depriving politicos of money, put the claims of monetarism first.

Summoned to a conference in Los Angeles of all the big-name economic

---

John Chamberlain *writes a syndicated column and is a frequent contributor to* NR. . . . **Thomas Mallon** *is a professor of English at Vassar College. . . .* **Chilton Williamson Jr.**'*s new book,* Roughnecking It, *will be published next spring by Simon & Schuster. . . .* **Ellen Wilson** *is the author of* An Even Dozen, *to be published this month by the Human Life Press.*

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doctors—Burns, Greenspan, Friedman, George Shultz, Charls Walker—Kemp, who had majored in physical education at Occidental College, came armed with a paper written by Stockman predicting an "economic Dunkirk." Though Reagan rejected the apocalyptic language, the paper carried the day with him and helped get Stockman the OMB post. Meanwhile, businessman-scholar Lewis Lehrman, a partisan of the gold standard, did much of the thinking behind the Stockman-Kemp call for combined tax- and budget-cutting. Lehrman got no job with the Administration. But Donald Regan, the Wall Street man whom Reagan named as Secretary of the Treasury, has hired supply-siders to help direct his economic policy on the theory that Reagan wants it that way.

Washington correspondents and columnists are not known for their ability to master economic theory. But Evans and Novak are big exceptions to this rule. They know all about J.-B. Say, the French economist who observed that supply, brought into being by the payment of wages, interest, dividends, and outlays for machinery and raw materials, creates its own demand. Though allowances must be made for time lags caused by malinvestment, there is always enough money in people's pockets to clear the market. This is a truism that Reagan believes. He has always held fast to it in the Keynesian world that has created so much paper inflation by denying it. As he told Evans and Novak in an interview, he follows von Mises, Hayek, and Bastiat in free-market theory.

Evans and Novak have no doubt that Reagan will push his common-sense "revolution." But their admirably researched book is already in need of a new concluding chapter that would take note of the probable defection of Boll Weevil Southern Democrats and Gypsy Moth Northeastern Republicans from the budget-cutting standard. We have plenty of faint hearts—and Jack Kemp is threatening to demand support of the gold standard as the price of staying in the Reagan-Stockman budget-cutting camp.

Knowing Kemp's pertinacity and Reagan's hankering for a currency that will retain its value no matter what the Fed may do, I do not doubt that we will eventually go back to gold. But the interim will be stormy. The "Reagan Revolution" has hardly begun. □

American Politics: The Promise of Disharmony
By Samuel P. Huntington
Belknap/Harvard, 303 pp., $15

PARADISE LOST?

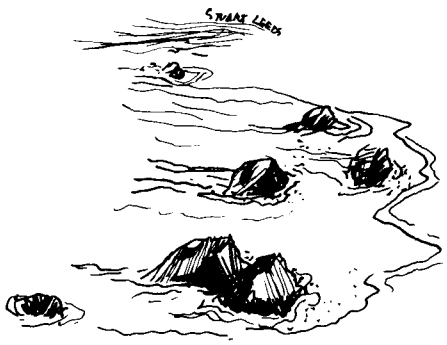
JOSEPH SOBRAN

The errors of genius, says Joyce, are the portals of discovery. And though I decline to go quite as far as the people quoted on the dustjacket of *American Politics: The Promise of Disharmony*, who judge this book to be a classic, I agree that it is well worth reading. It is clearly written, and (I risk sounding feline here, but this is, under the circumstances, the highest compliment I can pay) it errs *interestingly*.

Samuel Huntington argues that most political conflict in America is shaped not so much by interest-group rivalry as by the "gap" between American ideals and concrete realities. Because our national identity is constituted by these ideals, he says, we have periodic outbreaks of a "creedal" politics that seeks to eliminate the gap. The effort is always doomed, and Huntington urges us to reconcile ourselves to it: to be an American is not only to hold the ideals, but to dwell in that gap forever. Cf. *Paradise Lost*.

"Critics say," he concludes, "that America is a lie because its reality falls so far short of its ideals. They are wrong. America is not a lie; it is a disappointment. But it can be a disappointment only because it is also a hope."

This is meant as a defense of America against the attacks of what he calls "the S&S years, 1960-1975," the years when all was at sixes and sevens. As Huntington sees it, too much moralism is as destructive as too much cynicism; and in a sense this is true, since the wrong kind of moralizing does produce cynicism.



But he oversimplifies, and concedes too much to those "critics," by accepting their premises. He assumes that the "ideals" of the "American Creed"—equality, liberty, democracy, individualism, and the rule of law under a constitution—meant much the same thing to Jefferson as to the turd-throwers of the Sixties. He does allow that the Creed is complex, that it is imperfectly articulated, that its elements may sometimes be in tension with each other; but in this he goes to another extreme and overcomplicates.

Had he paid due attention to Harry V. Jaffa (whom he doesn't once mention in 27 pages of notes), he would have found that the terms "free" and "equal" were, to the founding generation of this Republic, equivalent. Free men are each other's equals; i.e., none is the property or, except by consent, the subject of another.

Granted, most Americans are unreflective about their Creed. If asked by an opinion pollster whether they favor "equality," they will respond with the appropriate cant and avoid bollixing up the polling ritual with analysis. The job of discovering what they *mean* by "equality" is something else again. Most of them don't think of equality as something that requires them, e.g., to surrender to federal judges their right to decide where their children shall go to school. Distilling the substance of the American Creed is a task which, as far as I can see, nobody has even begun to undertake. Polls and verbal formulae miss the point. After all allowances for hypocrisy and inconsistency, Americans do mean something by "liberty," "equality," and so forth which must be gathered from their way of life rather than from their way of talking to pollsters and academicians.

Huntington further errs in failing to give due consideration to another possibility: that these terms have become corrupted by ideologies that weren't around in 1776 or 1865. The socialist and collectivist creeds of Europe in the last hundred years have migrated to America, albeit under the guise of traditional American rhetoric; but America's failure (to call it that) to realize socialist ideals of equality impeaches not our Creed but the socialist ideal itself.

Beyond that, there is the simple possibility that our genuine ideals have already been realized; that our institutions have successfully embodied them;

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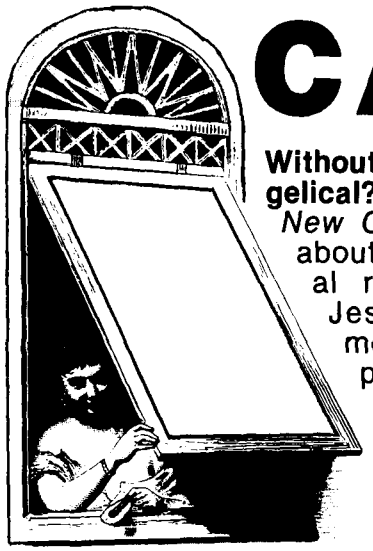

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and that the pursuit of utopias disguised as Jeffersonianism may in fact destroy a precious possession. Is what Andrew Young seeks more desirable than what James Madison established? If not, then Young's goal is not even an ideal.

Talk of "ideals" almost invariably gets messy, because men use the word to refer to fantasies. Is a world in which everyone could have unlimited free ice cream an "ideal" world? How about unlimited free medical care? What does that even mean? And why should we pay moral deference to people who talk in that idiom?

One genuine political ideal is a carefully circumscribed political order. We have such an order. To the extent that other ideals enlarge the domain of politics, we undermine an ideal that is supremely congruent with human nature; and realism (not cynicism) about human nature is the foundation of our Constitution.

There is such a thing as political perfection, when politics does all it can do for imperfect man. But the radicals' error lies not so much in assuming that men can be perfected as in misconceiving perfection itself. A fantasy like "New Soviet Man" is not even man, let alone man raised to new heights of virtue.

Like most neoconservatives, Huntington adopts a sadder-but-wiser posture toward utopianism. Without challenging it directly, he undermines it empirically. He adopts, though for opposite reasons, something like Arthur Schlesinger's cyclical theory of American politics, according to which we have periodic spasms of moral "vigor," then, the impulse spent, hibernate through conservative periods, pending the return of Camelot. But in Huntington's version, the cycles of "moralism" don't correspond to objective conditions; they are merely periodic seizures of our puritan compulsion. The Watergate crusade arose not from a special Nixonian villainy but from a national mood, which by the "dynamism of exposure" went on to reveal the sins of Nixon's predecessors, thereby dispelling the mood itself. Today our cynicism is turned on the exposers themselves, one might add, with the Watergate crusaders of the *Washington Post* suffering their own debunking.

I suspect that Huntington's book is best seen as an oblique polemic against the Sixties—the S&S years—rather than as a comprehensive theory of American politics. At least that is the way in which it is most satisfying. □

Pretender to the Throne: The Further Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin
By Vladimir Voinovich
Farrar, 358 pp., $17.95

COMRADES ALL

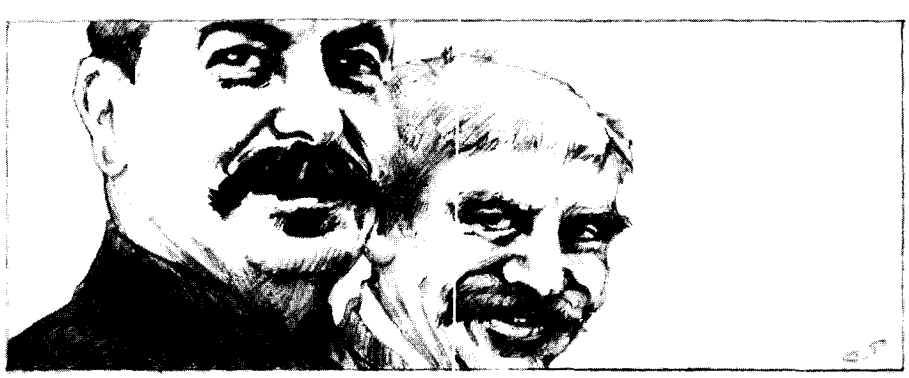
CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

For many years Vladimir Voinovich's method of writing was: write a few pages, and hide them; write a few pages, and hide them. This eccentric game produced excellent books, but it irritated the Kremlin, which eventually put an end to it by expelling Voinovich from the Soviet Union a couple of years ago. Their loss, of course: the USSR has as many literary humorists as Khrushchev had hairs, or Brezhnev waking moments. However, Voinovich is now a free man, presumably following the more normal working procedures of his colleagues in the West (write a few pages, and crumple them; write a few pages, and crumple them).

Pretender is, as the subtitle implies, the sequel to *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin*, one of the finest novels to come out of Russia since the Second World War, in the early years of which the book is set. Chonkin, a short, lop-eared, flat-headed peasant, is ordered by his superiors to stand guard over a disabled Soviet plane that made a forced landing near the village of Krasnoye. The Red Army detachment sent to recover the plane moves slowly, however, and as the days and weeks pass Chonkin moves in with a girl whose house lies across the fence and makes himself comfortable. When the Russian soldiers finally arrive Chonkin mistakes them for Germans, and valiantly defends his aircraft against them. Singlehandedly he beats them back and takes them all prisoner; eventually he is himself captured and sent to prison on charges of desertion and counter-revolutionary activity.

Here *Pretender* finds him, under interrogation for his crimes. His girlfriend, Nyura, stumbles up and down the rungs of the bureaucracy trying to get him freed, but Chonkin, in a moment of weariness and irritation, has confessed to "just precisely everything," and his case is wafted higher and higher in the political and military echelons. At last it is determined that Ivan Chonkin is a descendant of the infamous Princes Golitsyn and a dangerous White Russian saboteur working closely with Hitler. He is tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death—only to escape during unguarded moments provided by the invasion of the Fascists, who have learned of Prince Golitsyn's efforts on their behalf from a secret agent, and by Stalin, who fails in a jovial moment to equate the name of Chonkin, a rude son of the soil he is willing to pardon, with the vile Golitsyn, whose death order he has just approved.

Like *The Life and Adventures*, *Pretender* is a superior novel, but it is fair to question whether it works well as a sequel to the first. The earlier book is full of truly inspired comic writing, strongly reminiscent, if you make allowance for the differences between twentieth century Soviet culture and nineteenth century America, of Mark Twain. *Pretender*, though it never loses its sense of humor, is less funny, at times even flat in its attempts at clever slapstick. In part this follows naturally as Voinovich lifts his story from the ranks of the earthy peasantry of Russia through the offices of middling Soviet officialdom and up to the shining presence of Comrade Stalin himself. Barnyard humor and bureaucratic humor are two entirely different things, requiring wholly dif-



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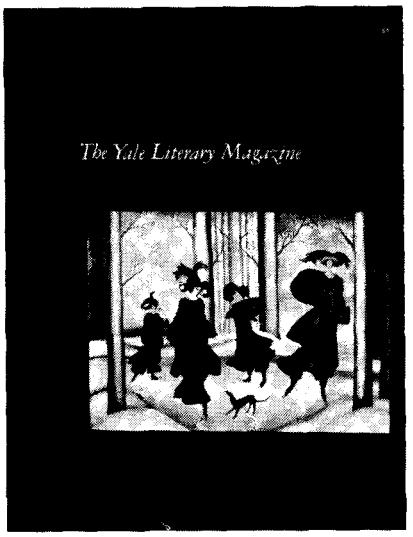

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RANDOM NOTES

■ More November Titles: A. Bartlett Giamatti, president of Yale University, has collected essays he has written over the past three years and is publishing them as *The University and the Public Interest* (Atheneum, $12.95). Giamatti calls himself "an unanointed, lay advocate of the private university"; his subjects are private and public education, language, American values, and liberal humanism.

The Collected Poems of Sylvia Plath (Harper & Row, $15.95; paper, $6.95) comprises 224 poems—the entire Plath opus, published and unpublished, arranged chronologically by Ted Hughes, Miss Plath's widower. . . . Russell Fraser, one of his subject's former colleagues, is the author of *A Mingled Yarn: The Life of R. P. Blackmur* (Harcourt Brace, $19.95). Fraser's portrait of this priest of the New Criticism is complex and fascinating. . . . White himself chose almost one hundred selections for *Poems and Sketches of E. B. White* (Harper & Row, $13.50). . . . *The Literary Essays* (New Directions, $39.95), edited by Brother Patrick Hart, includes every known critical article written by Thomas Merton.

Pierre Salinger, now ABC-TV's Paris bureau chief, has written a detailed account of the Iranian hostage crisis: *America Held Hostage: The Secret Negotiations* (Doubleday, $16.95). We haven't yet seen it. . . . *America Now: The Anthropology of a Changing Culture* (Simon & Schuster, $12.95), by Marvin Harris, argues that the decay of American manufacturing and American morals are greatly attributable to the shift from a goods-producing to a service-and-information-producing economy.

Sir Rudolf Bing, from 1950 to 1972 General Manager at the Metropolitan Opera, follows up an earlier memoir with *A Knight at the Opera* (Putnam, $14.95), published with an introduction by Garson Kanin. It is all very recognizably Sir Rudolf, although the awful title recalls Verdi's Falstaff.

—CW

ferent literary techniques. Unfortunately, as the novel progresses, Chonkin himself recedes further and further from the middle of things until the novel seems to lack a center and to have only a subject.

Ultimately, however, it must be concluded that the two novels indeed work together. Voinovich ostensibly plays the comedian to Solzhenitsyn's tragedian. And yet, despite the marked difference between their styles, such is reality in the Soviet Union that dissimilarities in mere literary tone become very quickly unnoticeable. The USSR is a surreal place, a society of distorted realities. Humor relies upon the creation of its own distortions, leaving, nevertheless, enough that is recognizable that the dislocations may be appreciated—in other words, that they may appear funny. The weakness of surrealism as an aesthetic is that it is essentially beyond humor, or tragedy: it does not leave enough of the familiar picture of things for its dislocations to be perceptible. So it is with life in the Soviet Union. No matter how you approach it as a writer, the surreality of your subject imposes an overriding texture of its own.

Of course, Voinovich and Solzhenitsyn both describe how the human soul is affected by life in a society in which the moral order has been, not inverted, but *blown apart* by a system of public fictions that is at once suffocatingly, even laughably, mediocre and stupid and obvious, and hideously wicked. In the USSR, Voinovich shows, only the calloused, the criminal, the amoral, and those—like Chonkin, the wise fool—specially protected by God survive psychologically intact. Everyone else, like the prosecutor who wins Chonkin his conviction only by relieving his conscience in drinking sprees, and by seeking to transfer his sins in ritual mock executions of his own wife, is eventually destroyed by the organic trauma produced by his spiritual antibodies fighting the environment that threatens him.

In Voinovich's Russia nobody believes *anything* that goes on around him; nobody accepts anything at face value. (As a saboteur who has brought down scores of high officials simply by writing anonymous and defamatory letters to their superiors observes, "the basic, principal, and outstanding feature of this government is its trusting nature. . . . Yes, of course, the government is suspicious, it doesn't trust its own, but it trusts people like me.") Everybody without exception mistrusts and fears everybody else, and embraces him warmly and calls him "Comrade." One man and one man alone is trusted implicitly and loved in equal measure: Comrade Stalin. Whatever befalls the hapless bureaucrat, who must sooner or later fall afoul of the regime and be whisked away in the night and lost forever, the solution that occurs to him is the same: *Comrade Stalin, when he hears of this, will make everything right!*

Pretender to the Throne is a book of brilliant and penetrating ironies. But surely the most brilliant of them all is the concluding one, in which Ivan Chonkin, having been cynically and brutally rolled by Soviet officialdom, is finally, though inadvertently, rescued by the Father of the Soviet Union—Comrade Stalin. □

Rabbit Is Rich
By John Updike
Knopf, 467 pp., $13.95

RABBIT, JOG

THOMAS MALLON

Twenty years ago he ran out on his wife, Janice. Ten years later it was she who skipped, and he was living with a black militant named Skeeter and a hippie waif named Jill. But now Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom has slowed down to a jog; he's trying to lose his middle-aged belly. Having inherited the management of his father-in-law's Toyota dealership, he has become reconciled to the idea of living forever with Janice. They are taking Caribbean vacations with their friends and putting their money in Krugerrands and silver. It is 1979: the economy is lousy, but with the logic of inflation they are springing for a new house. Their son Nelson has grown up to be a sulky jerk; still, he has made Harry and Janice grandparents: "Amazing, genes."

In this third Rabbit book Updike rolls out a thicker carpet of social detail than ever before. He uses the radio in Harry's Corona the way Dos Passos used newspaper headlines—the Pope is coming, Three Mile Island is glowing, the hostages are languishing. *Consumer Reports* is quoted like a prissy chorus in the background of a gas-short world that is junkier than ever. Even Carter's hemorrhoids are not forgotten. (Poor Rabbit thinks the 39th President is "smart as a whip.") What saves Updike's rendition of the minutiae of our times from pedantry is, first of all, our hunger for some social meat in the blissed-out "post-modern" days of Vonnegut and Barth, and secondly, the lyric wit with which it is served up: "The

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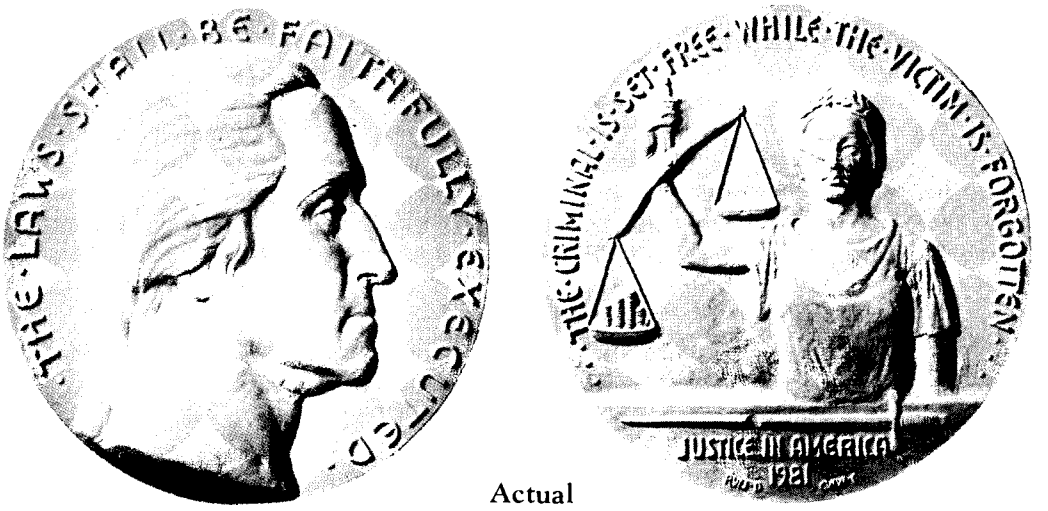
Justice in America



Actual Size

•A medal, more than any other form of communication, is an imperishable record of the times. For this reason a superbly crafted, high-relief art medal has been created to protest the present criminal justice system in America. Despite the overwhelming desire of the American people that their persons and property be protected, a small but highly vocal minority has demanded, and frequently achieved, extreme leniency towards criminals. The trend must be reversed.

•In addition to being a fine conversation piece in home or office, the permanence of solid bronze will cause this to be preserved and discussed for generations. (High-relief art medals, which require a considerable amount of skilled hand finishing, are not to be confused with cheaply made, low-relief pieces.)

•The form of the art work is a comparison of *what should be* balanced against *what is*. The strong portrait of George Washington symbolizes the stern morality of early America when the criminal received swift punishment instead of acclaim. Present reality is characterized by a grim Goddess of Justice, where the scales are unbalanced, the blindfold slipping, and the sword broken. The legend, 'The criminal is set free while the victim is forgotten,' is an unpleasant reminder of a system corrupted by the actions of those more interested in the rights of the criminal element than protection of society.

•Artist-sculptor Warner Williams, a member of the National Sculpture Society, executed the high-quality artwork. The seventy-eight year old Williams has become increasingly well known in the field of fine art medals. The design was prepared by R.W. Julian of Logansport, Indiana. Julian is the author of the standard reference on early U.S. Mint medals and has published numerous articles in the field. The medals will be struck and hand finished by Medallic Art Company, internationally known for the quality of its work.

•This is the fifth annual satirical medal issued by Julian since 1977. Previous topics include: bias of national television news, Panama Canal treaties, energy crisis, and U.S. defense weakness. None of the earlier issues is available for sale.

•High-relief bronze art medals, 2½ inches in diameter, will be struck to advance order only and the dies will be defaced after striking. Orders will be accepted until November 30, 1981, and should be sent to: The Justice Medal, Box 725, Logansport, IN 46947. The cost is $12.50 per medal, postage and insurance included. The cancelled check will serve as a receipt. Indiana residents must add 50¢ per medal sales tax. Orders from outside the U.S. or possessions are not accepted. Deliveries will begin about January 29, 1982, and will be completed within thirty days.

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pffft of opening a can isn't near as satisfying since they put that safety tab on to keep idiots from choking themselves." Updike has in this book caught both the flotsam and the ethos of 1979 with even more exactitude than he bottled 1959 in *Rabbit, Run* and 1969 in *Rabbit Redux*.

THIS is a courageous sequel because not very much happens in it: Updike maintains psychological and economic verisimilitude by making Harry a "big bland good guy" now, a middle-class man whose contentment has been paid for by an "inner dwindling" of the spirit that twenty years ago sent him running after other women and his own notion of God's face. Only occasionally now does his joy in Him flare: most of the time He remains shrunk "to the size of a raisin lost under the car seat . . ." The Seventies, a decade without personality if ever there was one, turn out to be the perfect time for Harry to sink into ordinariness.

Even so, Harry is ordinary only in the way Leopold Bloom was. He remains full of quiet crackpot wonder at life's small mysteries and joys, riding toy trains of thought through theology, scatology, and science: "He could never understand why people can't drink salt water, it can't be any worse than mixing Coke and potato chips."

There is no novelist more tenderly in love with his characters than Updike. He never scorns their gaudy dreams, tacky possessions, or little pretensions of thought and speech. When Harry and Janice fell into love-making in front of the television news of riots in *Rabbit Redux*, they were not made into Pynchonian puppets meant to show some "grotesque" or "psychotic" corruption of values; they weren't the atrocious Americans that most American novelists loved to depict in those days. They were just flawed people, occasionally wicked but more often kind, trying to move through their lives.

In this new novel, when some family sparring among the Angstroms suddenly dissolves into shared laughter over a remembered television commercial, the author is similarly uncondescending, and the effect is wonderfully poignant—all the more so because it is so believable. For all his celebration of Nabokov's puzzle-novels in his *New Yorker* reviews, Updike has always taken his own readers' breath away by showing small instants of how people really live. No one since Joyce himself has made such a gorgeous marriage of dailiness and poetry.

Can one hope for anything else than that Updike will continue to track Rabbit through the decades that lie ahead—bring they contentment or cancer, some last burst of godliness or just a slow falling off? If, ten years from now, John Updike chooses to tell us what the Eighties brought Rabbit, he will then be four books into one of the most glorious literary enterprises of this generation. But there is no need to wait until then to say what is plain right now, 22 years after *The Poorhouse Fair*—that he is our greatest living novelist, the one most likely to be read a hundred years from now, if the literary historians just get things right. □

The Geography of the Imagination: Forty Essays
By Guy Davenport
North Point Press, 384 pp., $10

RUBIK CUBES

ELLEN WILSON

In the opening essay of this book, Guy Davenport writes that "The imagination has a history, as yet unwritten, and it has a geography, as yet only dimly seen"—a geography which, charted by a cartographer of the mind, "would extend the shores of the Mediterranean all the way to Iowa." In the concluding essay—an affectionate recollection of ancestral oddities that focuses on the family arrowhead hunts which filled his Sunday afternoons—he pays tribute to the "unintentional education of having been taught how to find things (all that I have ever done, I think, with texts and pictures)."

In between lie 38 applications of this family finding skill to charting the trade routes of the imagination. He brings to the task an awesomely well-stocked mind, and a clean, vigorously declarative style which, no matter how involved the subject or abstruse the information he teases out of it, enlightens rather than obscures.

These are valuable gifts, and it is difficult at first to see why he does not better succeed in his undertaking, or rather, why his success does not better please. In essay after essay—on Poe or Pound, on Eudora Welty or Walt Whitman—Davenport serves up a feast of influences, inferences, and allusions, most of them interesting and often even relevant. He catches O. Henry adapting the Persephone myth in "The Church with the Overshot Wheel"; he bounces *The Adventures of Pinocchio* off Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. As a literary anecdotist he excels Donald Hall, earning bonus points for focusing, here as elsewhere, on the illuminating detail or the evocative setting. Thus his picture of the middle-aged Eliot, who, proceeding down a hallway to a speaker's podium, "drew up short before [a portrait of himself], held his lapels and craned forward the eagle's profile. 'I seem,' he said to me, 'to have changed.' "

But Guy Davenport's virtues, literary and intellectual, do not produce essays consistently or even generally satisfying. The reason has something to do with the painstakingly crafted mediocrity of many of the writers he chooses to explicate. To tell the truth, Davenport is most interesting when he writes on incidental topics, or on authors too universally approved to leave much of an opening for errors of taste or judgment. In other cases, the disjunction between the subtlety of his discussion and the insignificance of his subject becomes exasperating and almost painful. Coming upon "mg. dancer" in a poem by Louis Zukofsky, he wonders whether the poet was thinking of "a milligram sprite, a

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magnesium elf, a margin dancer, or Aurora." When Zukofsky replies, "All," Davenport praises the multiple levels of meaning to be found in his poetry.

At first the sheer multiplicity of things Davenport finds to say about favorites of his like Louis Zukofsky or Charles Olson or Jonathan Williams overwhelms the reader and silences doubt. His appreciation is so genuine, and he works with such energy and intelligence and confidence in the value of what he is doing. But then he slips by letting fall a quote or two, and the spell is broken. There is this, for example, from Charles Olson's "The Kingfishers":

Jungle:
Glaze green and red feathers, jungle,
Basis of renewal, renewals;
Rising over the soul, green virid, of the jungle,
Broken, disrupted.

Or here is a sample from Louis Zukofsky, the "mg. dancer" man:

from morning trafficked streets
still cobbled Could be

of pyramidal honeycomb, the
sphere enclosing the most space
strongest against

internal pressure.

After a few doses of this the reader concludes: better a book rack of Zukofsky criticism than exposure to the thing itself. For like Medusa's head, his poetry can be viewed safely only in a mirror; encountered directly, its stupefying dullness turns the reader to stone.

And there is the puzzle: that this lover of words cunningly arranged, and interested observer of whatever may be put into words, should reveal such inexplicable preferences. Perhaps his very delight in complexity—his ingenious cataloguing of literary strata of significance whole Grand Canyons deep—blinds him to the unlovely obscurities of his favorites. His capacious enjoyment of the arcane, the unobvious, and the enigmatical weakens him as a critic, since his interest in an author appears to be indexed to the degree of difficulty he has in puzzling out the meaning. But without embracing the opposite extreme of shallowness and predictability, I can't help thinking that the excessive and even wanton obscurity of Olson et al. restricts their potential audience to those who read poetry like a Rubik cube.

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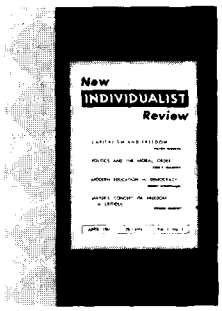

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The Geography of the Imagination is a rich and often provoking cultural atlas, which includes portions of the literary landscape better left *terra incognita*. It is an impressive demonstration of Guy Davenport's powers, analytic and empathetic—but also regrettable confirmation of the old saw that there's no accounting for tastes. □

FILM

FANCY FOOTWORK

JOHN SIMON

There is a genteel, well-crafted, eminently worthy sort of film that used to come to us in bundles from Britain until, suddenly, the supply was gone. Now, with equal suddenness, we have a brace of such films. Yet the second, on closer inspection, fails to pass muster; and even the first is rather more jolly decent than truly good.

Chariots of Fire was directed by Hugh Hudson, a graduate of television, which has become the training ground of some of our best and worst directors. The screenplay is by Colin Welland, an English regional writer most familiar to me as the scenarist of *Yanks*, which was a dud. The film concerns two fine young runners, both of whom feel that they are running for a cause. Harold Abrahams, an undergraduate at Caius College, Cambridge, is the son of a now wealthy Jewish immigrant and believes that, by becoming unbeatable, he will improve the post-World War I status of Jews in England, where antisemitism still thrives high and low, as represented in the film by the Senior Common Room and the porter's lodge, respectively. Harold is a fanatic, with a clenched jaw you could use as a carpenter's vise.

The other athlete, up in Scotland, is Eric Liddell, a glittery-eyed Presbyterian missionary to China when not running for God, Whom he feels watching him when he runs. Eric has a sister who tries to dissuade him from such secular activities, and, indeed, he strictly observes the Sabbath by merely walking on it. But when, on weekdays, he runs, God's inspiration blows him invincibly forward. Clearly, the film, which alternates between Harold and Eric, is building toward their mighty clash: Harold's jaw versus Eric's glint. This does come, about midway in the film, in a race of no particular importance that Eric wins unclimactically to Harold's utter despair. But now Harold is taken on by Sam Mussabini, a great coach of partly Arab descent, himself a bit of an outcast in England. And so everything points toward a final supreme contest between these master sprinters at the 1924 Olympics in Paris, but the showdown never occurs.

Instead, the drama focuses on Liddell's refusal to run, as scheduled, on a Sunday, and the panic into which this throws the Prince of Wales, Lord Birkenhead, and the other British Olympians, and on how this is resolved by the generosity of a teammate, the charming Lord Andrew Lindsay, another Cantab, and on how, in the end, both Abrahams and Liddell win in separate events and bring two gold medals to a Britain not exactly on the gold standard in international track. So the film is robbed of the climax we, like its main characters, have been spoiling for. But there are other compensations.

Chariots of Fire functions nicely as a social document. Cambridge in the early Twenties, the Gilbert & Sullivan Society of which Harold is an ardent member, the snobbish masters with their jocular condescension, the spirit of fair play that consolidates the students, the world of the theater as Harold becomes involved with a popular prima donna, Scottish landscapes that provide lofty settings for Scots-sentiment-riddled sports events, the austere life of the kirk—these and more get cursory but sympathetic and evocative treatment. Aubrey Montague, another amiable undergraduate athlete, writing gently Georgian letters to his mater; Lord Lindsay practicing on the lawn in front of the ancestral manor with a brimful champagne glass on each hurdle; supper at the Savoy, with Harold and his ladylove catered to by a deliciously obsequious headwaiter—such vintage vignettes abound. A vanished England that yet seems accessible to living memory, a graciousness that extends even to harbor masters and sleeping-car attendants, a sense of the social fabric without rips or snags—except for a bit of religious intolerance and closed-shop snobbery (the masters upbraid Abrahams for hiring an outside trainer), which, in retrospect, seem almost anodyne—these things make the film as lullingly tranquil as the music of Elgar, the poetry of Edward Thomas, the early painting of Paul Nash.

And, of course, there is the running. It is portrayed here in every conceivable way: lyrical, epic, comic, and dramatic. At times lacerating and disheartening, it is, at others, uplifting, imbued with an almost superhuman majesty. Some of this we owe to Hudson's directorial versatility, some to the superb acting of many young actors sufficiently unknown to seem to be authentic athletes, and very much to the camera of David Watkin, who captures both the documentary and the poetic aspects of the footrace. He can view the runners, in the opening sequence, running along a beach on an overcast day in foot-deep water, as if in an obsessive dream: an anonymous phalanx propelled through an abstract landscape in a patch of timelessness that just might be eternity. Or Watkin's camera can glue itself so tightly to a runner that it becomes a *catalogue raisonné* of what every muscle, sinew, and lump of earth underfoot contributes to exhaustion and endurance. Or the camera can lurch, swivel, hurtle with the runner around a college quadrangle so subjectively that we fear our own brains might, any moment, bespatter the Gothic architecture.

Otherwise, though, there is no violence, no explicit sex, no modern psychologizing or artiness. The film is old-fashioned in both the good and the bad senses, with an innocuousness that predisposes us to forgive its superficiality. But superficial it is: we never see deep into the characters, and even religion—so important, in different ways, to both heroes—is never much more than an extra gleam in Liddell's eyes, a heightened clenching of Abrahams's jaw. Yet all performances are unfussy and fine, paced by Ben Cross's Harold, Ian Charleson's Eric, and Ian Holm's Mussabini. I was taken no less, however, by the understated grace of Nigel

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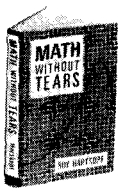

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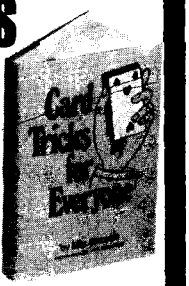

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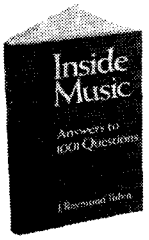

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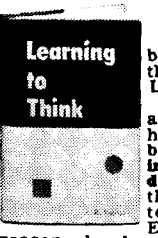

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Havers's Lord Lindsay and Nicholas Farrell's Aubrey Montague, and many others. Altogether, craft at its most careful—only not a work of art.

I COULD NEVER decide whether John Fowles was the most exalted of trashy novelists or the lowest of serious fiction writers. What is unquestionable is his pretentiousness—whether he writes *The Collector* from two points of view where one would be quite sufficient; brings out, as a young pup of a successful first novelist, a pompous collection of moral apophthegms entitled *The Aristos*; republishes *The Magus* in a slightly revised form, obliging his readers (if they are foolish enough) to remasticate that huge agglutination; presents *The French Lieutenant's Woman* simultaneously from nineteenth and twentieth century vantage points and with two contradictory endings; or just generally exudes smugness from every stylistic pore. But he does have a narrative gift, which, alas, is only fitfully served by the film of *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, as directed by Karel Reisz from a screenplay by Harold Pinter, himself no piker when it comes to pretentiousness.

Pinter and Reisz tried to solve the problem of the dual point of view and the antithetical twin endings by inventing another story: that of the actors performing the hero and heroine. While the semi-hysterical and semi-avant-garde-feminist Sarah and the gentlemanly Darwinist dilettante Charles muddle through to a happy ending, they are cross-cut with the story of their cinematic interpreters, Anna and Mike, who, married but not to each other, conduct a liaison that ends abruptly after the completion of shooting. The modern story suffers both from being an accumulation of arrant clichés and from butting in like the person from Porlock whenever the Victorian romance, such as it is, begins to absorb us on the visceral level.

Yet even the romance suffers greatly in the movie version. In order to accommodate the modern story, it had to be pared down even more drastically than the usual screen adaptation of a lengthy novel. It has also been made to talk down to movie audiences, as, for instance, by the omission of all references to Rossetti, in whose circle Sarah finds her spiritual self-fulfillment. Then there are the main actors. Jeremy Irons lacks the requisite charm for Charles. Meant to be somewhat weak but engaging, Irons displays a basic expression that clumsily caves in on itself, and is generally short on upper-class refinement. As for Meryl Streep, she has neither the Englishness nor the looks and period sense needed for Sarah. As Charles first beholds her on the pier at Lyme on a near-stormy, tenebrous day when her cloaked head reveals a viridescent face in the turquoise light—the moment when he is fatally smitten—she actually looks like a sickly, unpleasantly sharp-featured, homely boy.

On the credit side, there is efficient direction by Karel Reisz, impeccably moody cinematography by Freddie Francis, compelling production design by Assheton Gorton, pungent acting by the supporting cast, and breathtaking scenery by the shire of Dorset. And a grand neo-romantic score by Carl Davis, worthy of Erich Wolfgang Korngold at his goldenly corniest. On the debit side, there is the awkward circumstance that we don't give a damn. □

THE FIFTIES

FOUR POETS*

JEFFREY HART

Robert Frost strode onto the stage at Carnegie Hall to a standing ovation from an overflow house: Frost looking exactly like Frost—with his lined face and strong white hair—the quintessential American Elder. He had always been a very popular poet—"readable" was the word—but for most of his career he had struggled under the enormous shadow of T. S. Eliot. Now, in the Fifties, he was beginning to get serious critical acclaim, and he was becoming not only a national but a world figure. A few years later, Kennedy would ask him to read at the inaugural, then send him to Russia as his personal cultural ambassador. Frost bantered with Yevtushenko in Moscow, was sought out by Khrushchev.

At Carnegie Hall, Frost read his poems, interspersing witty and homely remarks, telling anecdotes—usually with a bite to them. He read "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." He ridiculed critics and academics who thought it a "death poem." "They must be Freudians or Jungians or something," he sneered. The crowd loved it, knowing that they weren't Freudians or Jungians. He read "Mending Wall," and "The Pauper Witch of Grafton," and the darkly prophetic "Once by the Pacific." The old poet seemed to get stronger as the long performance went on.

He finished up with the famous poem "The Road Not Taken." *"I took the one less traveled by,"* Frost said with triumph in his deep and gravelly voice, *"And that has made all the difference."*

Another standing ovation; rebel yells, even. Frost held up his arms like a heavyweight champion. The audience understood Frost to be saying that he had courageously taken the lonely road of poetry . . . and triumphed!

The trouble was that the poem itself had said the opposite. *"Though as for that the passing there / Had worn them really about the same."* Frost was diddling his cheering audience. The poem is about the tragedy and difficulty of choice, and how later bombast obscures all this. The audience was cheering the bombast, and Frost grinned with pleasure over his secret triumph.

One night in 1957, T. S. Eliot was reading his poems to an overflow audience in Columbia's McMillin Theater. Even faculty members had difficulty getting tickets, and people were crowded into the windows and doors, and listening outside to Eliot over loudspeakers.

No other modern writer has possessed an authority comparable to Eliot's in the Forties and Fifties—not Joyce, not Hemingway. Eliot's authority rested not only on his poetry but on his criticism, the most influential in English, and on his intellectual and emotional career, a journey toward God. He was a modern Dante.

Eliot that night was no longer the cadaverous young man of the Twenties and Thirties. He was not only tall but large, his wide shoulders looking still wider in his tuxedo. Someone said he looked like George Sanders.

Lionel Trilling introduced him. Trilling was a major intellectual in his own

*This article is excerpted from *When the Going Was Good: American Life in the Fifties*, to be published by Arlington House in March.

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right, and a local hero at Columbia, but when in his introductory remarks he noted that he had not always agreed with Eliot, it sounded ridiculous. So what if Trilling did not like Eliot's Christianity? This was *Eliot*, the author of *The Waste Land*.

"April is the cruelest month," Eliot boomed, *"breeding lilacs out of the dead land."* Eliot has always had the reputation of being a highly intellectual poet, but this is witch-doctor stuff, mysterious, reaching way back to primitive emotion through sound, powerful in its mysteriousness. All the resurrected gods of myth and the resurrected God of history seemed present in McMillin Theater. Eliot *was* the West that night.

Dylan Thomas stood at the podium in a hall in Manhattan's Young Men's Hebrew Association, the scene of frequent poetry readings. This was his third American tour in two years. That day, as on every other day, he had been drinking since morning, and he had been on an all-afternoon pub crawl up Third Avenue. Then he had gone to a pre-reading cocktail party in midtown. Bored by the sexual autograph-hunters of the past weeks, spread-eagled from coast to coast, he made obscene propositions to respectable matrons. Then he opened a window and urinated into the street ten stories below.

Standing there behind the podium, Dylan Thomas was an absurd figure. He was short and had a huge belly, a red face with a bulbous nose, bulging eyes, and tangled curly hair—a clown who did not need a clown suit. You had to keep reminding yourself that this fellow had written some great and passionate poetry.

But when he began to read there came out of him an extraordinary voice, a voice like the ocean, better than Richard Burton's, a voice with full range and crowded with dancing vowels and consonants. Thomas was certainly an alcoholic, but he was also drunk on words. He read his own poems, also poems by Hardy, Auden, Eliot, Yeats. He was reading his great poem on the death of his father:

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.

Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

In November 1953, at the beginning of another American tour, Thomas died at age 39 in St. Vincent's Hospital in Greenwich Village, of alcoholism and pneumonia. Much later it came out that there had been serious mistakes in medication. The hospital spokesman stated that he had sustained an "insult" to his system. Poet Donald Hall called it a public suicide.

One afternoon in the late Fifties, W. H. Auden arrived at Dartmouth College to read his poems and deliver a public lecture on Romanticism. In the afternoon, Auden read his poems and held a literary "conversation" with his audience in the sumptuous library of Sanborn House, which houses the English Department. Auden was tall, and by that time he had that extraordinary bloodhound face, deeply lined, and his manner was gentle and highly civilized. He wore Daks and what looked like corduroy bedroom slippers. As he spoke, Oxford was pervasive. He might as well have been at High Table in Magdalen College. He was impressively learned, not only about literature but about music, theology, history; yet he seemed to take it all very lightly, almost as a joke. That was the Oxford manner. He was deprecating about his leftist phase during the Spanish Civil War, speaking about it as if it had happened to someone else, someone who was very young, and knew little, a long time ago. Auden was now much under the influence of Reinhold Niebuhr and his sense of sin and difficult historical options.

That evening Auden had a disaster, but he triumphed over it with his Oxford aplomb. First there was a cocktail party for Auden, at which he drank too many martinis. Then there was a long dinner, at which he drank too many martinis. Then they escorted him to the auditorium, which was full.

Ascending the half-dozen stairs to the platform, Auden tripped over the top stair and his typed-out lecture fell in scattered pages across the stage. Auden scooped them up with some difficulty, but he was too drunk to reassemble them in the right order, so he read them in just any order, without explanation, without batting an eye. The audience thought the lecture had a lot of good things in it. They also thought it was weak on organization. □

The GIMLET EYE

PLASTIC SURGERY

D. KEITH MANO

Her right breast is cut: slit open like fresh tallow beneath: a two-inch incision under the hang of it. Dr. James Reardon has spread her wound for me. Red fat tissue, the meat of breasts, is glossy there: not good eating, I think: overrich. With an electric scalpel-cautery, Reardon will slice and slice through this ragged human packing. The instrument snaps blue sparks out: cut, coagulate, cut. Occasionally some minute vessel will spray fine blood, then stanch.

After a minute the breast and underlying muscle are loose, up. Reardon starts to rummage in. With a retractor light I can see the super-nudity of rib cage and this hollow pouch he has made behind her small pap. We strip-search it: crimson, lit, shaggy-fibered inside: a weird vest pocket. As you stuff throw pillows, Reardon has begun to push the colorless silicone implant in. Her bosom is swelling with false pride now. The implant, more sinuous than

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gelatin, a good female impersonator, squeezes through that two-inch gash. No, not large enough yet: she'll want, Reardon guesses, to be built better than this. Next size up, please. Her snub and gnarled nipple lolls, orange with antiseptic, while Reardon is coaxing the glib implant out. And I am disconcerted. There's so little blood: so little *to* a female breast, which things have long been the business and quick speculation of my male eye.

I am, after all, in a strange protectorate: sterile mayhem is customary here. The kind assumptions we hold about flesh—personal nature, erotic value, tenderness—do not prevail in an operating room. I touch my scrub-suited arm. Skin plates us over: muscle can engage and disengage power: the breast is, well, an appendage not often of use. Dr. Reardon has practiced plastic surgery for 11 years: you, she may trust his deft bloodshed. Nothing I say is meant to judge or impugn him: I admire his frankness and generosity. Yet, being not native to the land, I find it all grotesque: that female breast stuff can be holed in such dispassion: the way, once, I slit calfskin with a child's leather-working kit. This woman will never, except before God, be so hugely undressed. She is lying now, unsutured still, phony-glamorous: alluring to all men but we four who know. From each flesh rip, as from a socket, I watch one glassy silicone eye blear out. It alienates me. She has begun to look mechanical: unalive inside. Flesh just a housing for some android gadgetry.

"That black bag," I ask the anaesthetist, "why d'you keep squeezing it?"

"Well, her diaphragm is paralyzed now. I have to breathe for her. See." He will clutch at the bag. Her servile ribs fan out: aaaah, she is inspired by him. A hobgoblin moment: I think what enormous surrogate forces are around me. But I don't experience outrage for her: she of the manipulated wind. By a Silastic voluptuousness this woman intends to paralyze and cause swelling in men. For that power, I find it all appropriate, she should trade some of her nature away.

Their patter—surgeon, assistant, anaesthetist—has the tick-whirr that fine clock escapements have. Unemphatic, even in tenor: low: a good beat to thread skin by. It is, I think, the way we talk among foreigners: expressionless, so that they cannot translate face or tone: this foreign body here, for one. And the irreverence, the *M*A*S*H* note, will disinvolve. "Let's stuff her with raisins and walnuts, huh?" "Has the guy from NATIONAL REVIEW fainted yet?" "Great, great: she can hire out as a ship's figurehead now." I like their irony: it settles me down. I trust them more, certainly, than I do the patient: who is torn and mindless: who would admonish my complacent flesh. This group-practiced chat is, anyhow, preferable to silence. Silence might announce tension. As when, later, we do a nose job.

"Rhinoplasts aren't my favorite," the anaesthetist has told me. "They're messy. The patient's fairly light at that point—we put them to sleep only actually for the injections. Then they're awake after the nose is all numbed. But they're groggy. They usually have no recall, but they're on spontaneous respiration. They're responsive if you talk to them. Where he breaks the bone a bit—that's the part where I usually whistle or sing or something. And usually—they tease me about it—I look the other way."

LIVE CARTILAGE comes out: a thick, red toenail paring of it. I see blood froth. Reardon is cutting within the nose tip: he carves a sort of human rind away. The woman has been moaning: her nostrils are flared almost inside out: she will hawk phlegm up. The surgical hardware seems, to me, almost burlesque: mallet, chisel, rasp: tools for sullen carpentry. They do not banter now. Forty-five minutes have gone by: longer, I judge, than Reardon might expect. A bump on her nose bridge won't shear off. Reardon points the chisel, and his assistant—it is grisly, gristly this procedure—will start to hit with a mallet: rap, rap, rap, rap, *rap*. My anaesthetist friend has looked some other way. The woman is guzzling spit: a hopeless knee has risen in half-conscious protest: nnnnn, she can just say. Reardon asks again for the largest metal rasp: I note one in his voice. He sticks it far up the nostril and, with full body weight down, begins to saw. I have never heard such a monstrous sound: bone or cartilage abrades, shreds. But it is done. Reardon asks for my approval. Yes, different: yes, if you will, better. And now, to form a cast, doughy gauze-plaster strips are laid down. As you would put wet cloth over sculpted clay.

I sit after. Not giddy: disorganized, rather, by what I have seen. I must withdraw from it and very soon: so that I can see a face as face. Or, some night, touch my wife's breast with naïve lust again. *(Next Issue: Advertising and Surgery.)* □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MASTERS: PORTRAITS OF GREAT TEACHERS, *edited by Joseph Epstein (Basic Books, 265 pp., $14.95).* If you doubt, on dull Monday mornings, whether Dante's *Purgatory* is after all as real as the "dreary intercourse of daily life," these 16 essays on great teachers may restore your faith in the unseen ideas. Thus Professor I. A. Richards, his senses assaulted by sirens and an overcrowded class, was not being at all ironic when he declared, " 'Not here, O Apollo, are haunts fit for thee.' " Richards introduced his poetry students not just to a text, writes his pupil Helen Vendler, but to an entire world—which included Apollo; and he showed them that understanding the world of poetry was the best way of penetrating the world of daily life. Nearly every one of these teachers was impelled by a religious or quasi-religious perception of reality, from the humanists (Richards, Christian Gauss, Yvor Winters, et al.) to the theists (A. N. Whitehead) to the Christians (C. S. Lewis, F. O. Matthiessen). These perceptions, these ideas give the book a freshness which invites the reader to rediscover those other worlds which successive Monday mornings have obscured. The essays on Lewis, Leo Strauss, and Hannah Arendt will be especially interesting to conservatives, although they will disquiet the dogmatists among us. For these teachers actually cared more about the truth than their own rationalizations: one learned to sit down with Hobbes, writes Werner Dannhauser in the Strauss essay, "not only to learn *about* Hobbes, but to learn *from* him." Literature professors account for six of the essays, and philosophy professors for another six. (Lewis Feuer is very good on Arthur Lovejoy's critiques of positivism and historical materialism.) The single essayist on science professors has the playful wit that frequently attends modern scientists, and makes us wish for more. There is no fawning here, although these critical appreciations often reveal an almost Roman reverence. The most captivating essay takes us through a summer under the baton of Nadia Boulanger, the French teacher of conducting. And what unseen reality moved this musician? At the end of a Sanctus which Miss Boulanger conducted one late summer day in Fontainebleau, she "dropped to her knees in prayer. . . . When the little bell rang she bounded to her feet again." DAN RITCHIE

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

ALTHOUGH NATURE presumably abhors it, the Federal Government adores the void called public education: that Black Hole of the intellect, of common sense, of sheer human competence. A dense but useful small volume, *Private Schools and the Public Good: Policy Alternatives for the Eighties* (Notre Dame, $14.95; paperback, $7.95), edited by Edward McGlynn Gaffney Jr., offers evidence leading irrefutably to the conclusion that our educational establishment, and the bureaucratic, political, and judicial ones that support it, having no understanding of education in the true sense of the word, will go to any length to stifle and destroy alternative institutions.

The ostensible reason for this almost viciously hostile stance toward private education is that, if it flourishes, it will —by its superior performance, presumably—bankrupt and ruin the public enterprise. In truth, the motive offered by Lester O'Shea in his *Tampering with the Machinery* (reviewed in this space last issue) is probably the fundamental one: if we don't know how to provide the have-nots with a good education, the least we can do is wreck what the haves get.

As many of the essays included by Gaffney show, the Federal Government has uncompromisingly favored policies detrimental to the health of private education in this country. Why, the courts and the legislature want to know, should it be otherwise? Private and parochial schools are—are they not?—enclaves of the white privileged elite, so up against the wall with them . . .

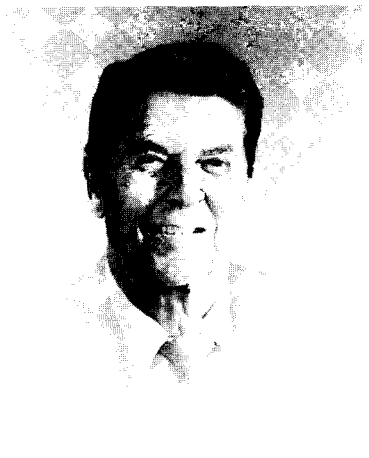
In fact, as the Reverend Andrew M. Greeley shows in his contribution, that is more than an oversimplification: it is simply an untruth. In the last few years the Catholic schools have experienced such a tremendous increase in their enrollments of black and Hispanic students (half the blacks are not even Catholic) that 6 per cent of the minority students in the country now attend Catholic secondary schools, where their academic achievements are "dramatic" and attained at "remarkably low" costs.

Other contributors also document the surprising degree to which minorities have been accepted by private schools of all kinds, so that today the private schools are better integrated, on balance, than the public. But the ideologues are not impressed. An interesting piece by Thomas Vitullo-Martin describes succinctly how the Federal Government effectively discourages the racial and economic integration of the private schools, while at the same time sustaining a tax policy that is nearly crushing them out of existence.

In the most readable essay in the book, the Honorable Daniel Patrick Moynihan points out that the U.S. is the only major industrial democracy in the world which does not, as a matter of course, provide public support to private education. It is Moynihan's considered belief that the Supreme Court has simply been wrong in its refusal to permit the state legislatures to offer aid to elementary and secondary schools run by a church or any other religious body. The Court's hostility to these schools arises, he argues, not from the stipulations and intent of the First and Fourteenth Amendments but from its erroneous readings of their clauses.

IN ANOTHER, extremely witty, essay, Antonin Scalia discusses the Court's contradictory and inconsistent rulings in this matter and concludes that their state of mind is chaotic. "How is it," he wonders, ". . . that the term 'religion' . . . is interpreted very broadly to cover even philosophical dispositions of conscience when *freedom* of religion is at issue, but is interpreted very narrowly to include virtually nothing but theistic belief when *establishment* of religion is at issue?"

Exactly. I know of no aspect of recent judicial history more depressing to read about than this one. As John Updike says, "How can you respect the world when you see it's being run by a bunch of kids turned old?" □



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COMMENTS

(Continued from page 1334)

definition to my article "Ideology," in Dunner's *Handbook of World History.*

Russell Kirk
Mecosta, Mich.

As a believer in free markets and a strong national defense, I find that the Portland Declaration expresses many of the other beliefs I hold dear. However, as an agnostic, I find the first three points to be disturbing—especially the third.

Point three states that the existentialists are right in proclaiming life to be absurd. I think that the argument made in point two compels the opposite conclusion. I have taken the liberty of "rewriting" point three accordingly. My agnostic version treats our moral commands as developing from our values, not deriving from God directly. Those values, I admit, may derive from God. This is, then, not an atheistic revision.

By the way, I've not seen a discussion of agnosticism in *NR* in quite a while. Some of us are derived agnostics: rejecting faith as a mental pollutant, we can accept neither belief in nor rejection of God, as both involve an act of faith. But how about other agnostics? And how will the Shroud of Turin affect agnostics? I await your thoughts.

Point Three: For these reasons it is not surprising that Man is a creature unlike the beasts—a transcendent creature called upon to rise above himself. The existentialist's claim—that life on this globe is *in itself* absurd—is wholly unjustified. Such an assertion ignores Man's unremitting practice of making everything meaningful, his sense of aesthetic. To call life absurd is to belittle the aspirations and activities of individuals, and shows a profound disrespect for the worth of a man. Life has significance, and it has a richness informed by Man's evaluative sense. Whether one believes that Man derives his values from God or whether one believes that Man derives his values from sources inherent in his biology, it is clear that from such values issue moral commands with which Man binds himself. By using his understanding and following his moral commands, Man can find justice. Given a fragmentary understanding and the numberless opportunities for miscarriage, the occurrence of injustice may be expected, as well as the frustration of personal fulfillment. But the possibilities for justice, growth, and fulfillment remain; and Man, when left unfettered by tyranny, has pursued them as a species. This is the great drama on Earth. And here let us remember: In binding himself to moral commands Man created civilization. This is a discipline, and this discipline makes freedom possible.

Edward Hume
Washington, D.C.

In Point 16 of the Portland Declaration Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn states that the primary educator is the family, although it can *delegate* the education of children to private or public schools. I am afraid that the ideal he has expressed does not conform with the actual facts in this country today.

Education laws in this country do not recognize any responsibility of parents for the education of their children. Instead, that responsibility has been assigned by law to the state, and most parents are willing to let the state act as the primary educator. They may, if they so wish, educate their children at their expense. But any non-public school chosen by the parents must still conform to state standards.

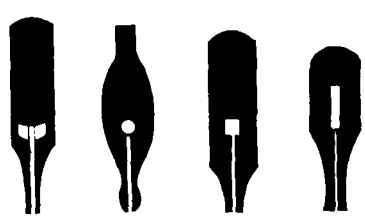
If a parent should actually decide *not* to delegate his authority to any school, and proceed to educate his own children in his own home in his own way, he would soon find out whether by law he or the state is the primary educator.

Philomene Di Giacomo
Staten Island, N.Y.

I certainly appreciated the essay "The Portland Declaration" and look forward to the publication of the other major contributions and comments from your readers.

After the conservative position has been updated, how can these ideas then be effectively communicated to the public?

Philip K. Wagner
Point Pleasant Beach, N.J.



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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (signed) William A. Rusher.

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BROOKHISER

(Continued from page 1333)

nomic growth; economic growth without inflation depends upon economic planning." They note, correctly, that the free press can be obstreperous, overweening, and dishonest. Their solution? "Journalists should develop their own standards of professionalism, and create mechanisms . . . for enforcing those standards on themselves." (For an argument that this is almost exactly the opposite of what should be done to improve the press, see my piece on "Jimmy's World," *NR*, Aug. 21, 1981.) And of course, there must be more reports, specifically "an institute . . . to stimulate collaborative studies of common problems involved in the operations of democracy" (Zbigniew Brzezinski will supply the electronic hook-ups).

Although other ideas occasionally stir, it is fair, I think, to say that the prevailing ethos of the Trilateral Commission favors the planners. Its paradigm is the bureaucrat, the academic, the social engineer. *Pace* Rockefeller, the planning mentality does inflect the Commission's recommendations. The peace and prosperity of the Trilateral world is not threatened by aggressors, spendthrifts, socialists, or any other recognizable human types—only by "problems." Problems are bloodless, and susceptible in all cases to discussion, study, and money. One may compete with the Soviet Union, even forcefully, all the while keeping options open; one may be strict with the Third World, even refusing (as happened at last with Jamaica's Michael Manley) to reschedule a debt; but loans and plans are the way out of all its misery. Commission members tend to accept the ethos, not because Brzezinski instructed them in it, but because he and they have imbibed it from the atmosphere in which most educated people even now live and breathe.

In the middle of Rockefeller Center sits a huge black slab inscribed with dicta of John D. Rockefeller Jr. They are quite banal, copybook maxims that would have occurred to anyone of his time and station—except that his copybook is a chunk of midtown Manhattan's most expensive real estate. So with the Trilateral Commission—new maxims, new copybooks, same process.

The task of conservatives, meanwhile, is about the same as it has been for 25 years—to stand athwart History shouting, "No, this way!" □

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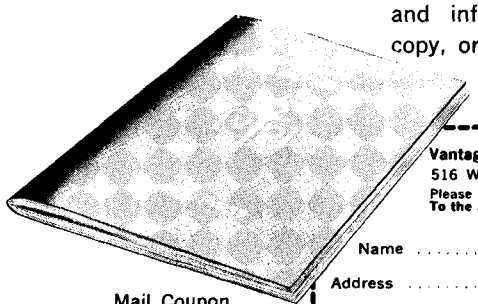

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PHILLIPS BROOKS

On New Starts

I believe that the more we think the more we become convinced that the instinct which asks for equality is a low one and that equality if it were completely brought out would furnish play for the lower instincts and impulses of man. (Actual title: *New Starts in Life and Other Sermons.*)

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a word edgewise *from* An Old Liberal Cold Warrior

JOHN P. ROCHE

BRITISH WHIRLPOOL

Boston, Oct. 19—As a student of international politics, not a riverboat gambler, it seems to me absurd for anyone to pontificate on the consequences of Sadat's murder. Watching, listening, and reading, I have noted a remarkable number of predictions by esteemed astrologers and learned necromancers on "What are Hosni Mubarak's plans?"

The assumption behind the question is that Mubarak has a program. My reaction, philistinic though it may sound, is "What makes you think he has plans?" Sadat kept him around for a decade precisely because that wily Machiavellian figured he was a patsy, no threat to the boss. If Mubarak had ever demonstrated a talent for planning, Sadat would have put him on the bureaucratic merry-go-round with the others, never permitting him to develop a constituency. The key question now should be "Who will now program Mubarak?" and a number of precincts have to report before we can explore that matter rationally.

Therefore, while most eyes have been riveted on Cairo, I have been focusing on events in the British Labor Party, where I do know the players. Indeed, I was introduced to Anthony Wedgwood Benn and his American wife at a reception at the plush house of George Strauss in December 1953, by Denis and Edna Healey.

We were a bit beleaguered: my wife was off arguing with the left-wing Laborite "Nye" Bevan and his wife, Jennie Lee, that the 1948 Henry Wallace presidential campaign had been masterminded by the Stalinists. And I had to cope with Benn and his wife, who informed me authoritatively that the United States was on the verge of fascism.

Strauss and Benn, who inherited the title of Viscount Stansgate and returned it to be simple, barefoot "Tony," were extremely rich and the British forerunners of "radical chic." Always on the left of the Labor Party, Strauss was apparently interested in converting Healey, who was billed as up-and-coming, to the Bevanite cause. I must ask the Healeys if they were ever invited back: Benn and I almost got into a fistfight.

Denis never held it against me; in fact a year or so later he and George Brown almost mixed it up with Soviet leaders Bulganin and Khrushchev at a private dinner the Labor members of Parliament gave for the Russian visitors. The next day Khrushchev, not used to rough handling, told Prime Minister Churchill that if he were British, he would vote Tory!

Excuse the name-dropping—the Pope chided me for it a while back—but to understand what is happening in the Labor Party, you have to understand the personalities involved. At that holiday party 28 years ago Benn told me the United States was a vicious, racist country actually run by Senator Joe McCarthy and a crew of neo-Nazis.

Regrets are useless, but I'm still sorry I didn't belt him. However, on occasion the best of us forgets to do a good deed. The interesting thing is that Benn is today attempting to replace the democratic values Hugh Gaitskell, Tony Crosland, Denis Healey, and Roy Jenkins fought for with a bizarre mixture of nineteenth century Marxism, the cult of personality, and parochialism.

In practice this comes down to a program of bash the rich, share the loot, and to hell with the world. The first would be accomplished by confiscatory taxation and nationalization of business, the second by participatory democracy, and the third by a "little England" policy: Down with the Common Market, NATO, the U.S., to paraphrase a "radical" version of the old Tory line that "Wogs begin at Calais."

BENN and his dedicated lot set to work to capture the Labor Party and, paradoxically, received a big assist from Laborites of high principles: the so-called "gang of four" led by Roy Jenkins, Shirley Williams, William Rodgers, and David Owen—all former Labor ministers, who decided there was no point in brawling with Benn and Co. and formed the new Social Democratic Party, which has now evolved a centrist coalition with the Liberals. In addition to being principled they were a bit too fastidious for rough infighting: bad taste, you know.

This left Healey at point against Benn—Michael Foot, the Party's leader, is a blathering ass—and, mirabile dictu, Denis beat "Tony" for deputy leader in an election the Left thought it had wired. Benn was close—less than half a percentage point out—but close counts in horseshoes and grenades.

Now we find Denis yoked to Foot, with most of his natural allies off chumming it up with the politically shopworn Liberals. They, of course, expected a Benn victory, which would have boosted their stock. Healey's victory has thrown all their calculations off—the specter of a Foot-Benn Labor Party could have made them winners in a three-way split. With "the Healeyites" in play, a four-way fight could lead to fragmentation and the end of 35 years of governing-party majorities in Commons. □

THE B-1 BOMBER, AGAIN

Boston, Oct. 26—Back in the early 1960s, Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara set up a toy factory in the Pentagon. It was supposed to turn out prototypes of twenty-first century weapons, fancy technology, and *Star Wars* equipment. In fairness, some of the weapons systems were first-rate, but the problem was that the manager of the toy factory, Harold Brown, had a fixation: he thought they were all equally good.

Thus, in addition to multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles (MIRVs) and reconnaisance satellites—both technically superb—we were saddled with the "Walleye" missile with a TV camera in its nose to fix on programmed targets, the TFX aircraft designed to be a cross between a sea gull and a falcon for Air Force and Navy use, and the electronic barrier in Vietnam.

The Walleye struck terror into the hearts of the North Vietnamese until, after about two weeks of research, they discovered it locked on contrast. They then dropped large, inexpensive ($100, perhaps) bamboo shades, the kind we use on porches, over high-priority targets, the guidance system in the million-dollar missile went kerplunk, and the warhead wandered off to hit a rice paddy.

The TFX had an equally sad career, eventually fathering two aircraft, the F-111A and F-111B. Of the F-111A more later—it was the Air Force strike aircraft; the F-111B never made it beyond the prototype phase because it was discovered

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that the final models, which the toy factory had really filled up with fancy electronic playthings, were too heavy for the elevators on the carriers.

Of the barrier, the less said the better; it was strategically absurd. More to the point here, the delicate sensors that were planted to detect invaders could not differentiate between a North Vietnamese battalion and a herd of wild goats. When the sensors went off, the whistle blew at firebases Able, Baker, Charley, Dog, and all hands would let fly with their 155 howitzers. It was hard on the wild goats; the Vietnamese had a different road map.

Enough background music on the toy factory, except to note that our last model of the long-range B-52 bomber was deployed in 1962, and the Air Force understandably wanted a new big boy. The agitation began early in the Kennedy Administration and soon Congress was asked for research and development funding.

A number of us who even then thought that manned long-range *strategic* bombers were obsolete objected. The Air Force promptly changed the name of the experimental model from AY-1 or some such, to BY-3 or some such, and it went on the back burner. (The acronyms are hard to remember because each time the executioner approached the project, it promptly grew a new cryptic designation.)

Unless I have gone off my memory track, the present B-1 President Reagan is pushing as part of the necessary re-establishment of our strategic forces is the grandson of QB-3. If you look at its specifications, for example, it is basically a 1960s bomber.

It is subsonic—like all models of the B-52—rather than supersonic like the Soviet Backfire, which can operate at 2.5 times the speed of sound (Mach 2.5). Its range seems roughly comparable to that of the Backfire, though the B-1's possible load would be about ten times greater.

Is this to be our "penetration" aircraft? It would be perfect against the Central African Republic, but it's too slow to play in the big leagues. The Soviets, who are compulsive on air-defense systems, are busy deploying the SAM-10, which has allegedly been clocked at over Mach 7. Indeed, if the B-1 headed from U.S. bases for the Soviet Union, lumbering along and having to be refueled while in flight, it would need fighter protection to penetrate anything.

"Well," say the defenders, "it could stand off and launch nuclear or cruise missiles." Certainly, but so can any other advanced plane in our inventory, and better still there are naval platforms which are more stable launchers and can carry a bigger load.

Which brings us back to the F-111A and the FB-111 (a stretched-out version of the F-111A), two elegant aircraft (Mach 2.5), of which we have over two hundred. They have a range, depending on load, of 3,000 to 5,500 miles. With these as front-line "penetration" planes, and the B-52s on active status, we have in my judgment adequate strength in the airborne leg of the triad.

The Air Force may be desolate—they also lost another product of Brown's toy factory, the MX subway system. But we should skip the B-1, beef up the 111s, and get on with that new generation, the Stealth plane. □

IS BONN BONDED TO THE WEST?

Boston, Oct. 23—Twenty years ago the Soviet Union sealed off its sector of Berlin with the Wall. Initially this was a primitive obstruction; now it has become not only an intricate murder machine, but also a "symbol of socialist purity, peace, and sovereignty." The quotation is from A. James McAdams's fine *New Leader* article "Twenty Years of the Berlin Wall," an essay strongly recommended to historical sleepwalkers.

It never ceases to amaze veterans of the Long March how fast, and often how deliberately, memories fade. It was stunning, for example, to compare the recent welcome riot thrown in West Berlin for Secretary of State Alexander Haig with the joyous enthusiasm that greeted President John F. Kennedy's pronouncement "*Ich bin ein Berliner.*"

The Soviet wall—remember it?—was a violation of the Four-Power Agreement of 1945, but it rapidly became taken for granted. Indeed, in the current political climate of West Germany it would almost be worth a politician's life to argue that the Wall was illegal. That would be a "provocation"!

Under the Berlin Agreement of 1971, a centerpiece in former West German Chancellor Willy Brandt's Ostpolitik, the Wall probably now *is* legal. Brandt then (as now) wanted to become the champion of peace with the East at almost any price. The Soviet negotiator, Pyotr Abrassimov, took full advantage of Willy's quest for the Nobel Peace Prize.

It was neatly done, a model of Russian negotiating tactics: there was a different German word in the East German (Soviet) version of the agreement governing West Berlin's ties with Bonn from that accepted by Brandt (the West). This is an old trick: in the 1917 Lansing-Ishii Agreement, the U.S. in English acknowledged Japan's "special" interests in China; in the Japanese the word was "paramount."

That involved two distinct languages: the Berlin Agreement was among Germans. Brandt refused to accept the Soviet formulations and finally the Communists capitulated. Or so it seemed until East Germany published its official translation (the original was in English, French, and Russian), which reverted to the formula rejected by the West: there were to be "links," not "bonds," between the Federal Republic and West Berlin.

This may seem trivial, a semantic game, but it is characteristic of the modus operandi that is standard Soviet practice. Their slogan has always been: "What's ours is locked in concrete; what's yours is up for grabs." While this is going on at the negotiating forum, they organize spectacular public orchestrations which portray their position as the incarnation of reason.

The Haig riot in Berlin, for example, only prefigured the mass demonstration of over 250,000 in Bonn a fortnight ago demanding that we abandon our efforts to beef up NATO's nuclear defenses. One who says this is often accused of hysteria: surely those good preachers and caring young people marching in Bonn were not Soviet agents.

Of course, the mass of the participants were not Communists: they were young people who take a dim view of being shot at, ministers who learned the wrong lesson from World War II, and—interestingly enough—right-wingers who want a unified Germany and an end to what they call "American colonialism." The overt Communist role was confined to telling Bonn shopkeepers to put pro-rally posters in their windows or buy new glass.

The organizers were impartial: the essence of their line was that since the Soviet mobile SS-20s, which could demolish Western Europe, were all in place, any attempt by the West to introduce equivalent nuclear delivery systems—Pershing IIs and cruise missiles—would be an act of aggression, a virtual declaration of war.

As a footnote they said the SS-20s were only a follow-up on earlier missiles now removed, some four hundred SS-4s and -5s. There are two problems with this: 1) to say the SS-20 is a "modernized" SS-4 is like saying an M-16 rifle is just an updated crossbow; and 2) according to the International Institute for Strategic Studies, the top non-governmental analysts of these matters, the SS-4s and -5s are still deployed!

The Soviets, then, did not create the protest, but undoubtedly a handful of top agit-prop experts are on hand to nourish, and channel, the grievances of this congeries of West German isolationists. A nice job. □

(King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Documentary They Won't Show

On The Right

New York, Oct. 28—A few years ago a team of young producers in Canada released a series on the use by the CIA of foreign installations for the purpose of doing the CIA's business. The response was sensational, making the front pages of the *Daily Worker*. Norfolk Communications, later joined by Kitson Vincent, another enterprising Canadian, then decided to do a documentary on the machinations of the KGB, about which they knew little, and were surprised at the almost nonchalant attention given that agency in one or another government document.

What emerged is the most powerful two-hour documentary on the subject of underground Soviet activity ever put together. It was shown in Canada and received sensational notices. The *Detroit News*, bringing in the Canadian signal, called it "powerful," depicting the "real world of Soviet espionage in this continent." *Variety* called it a "riveting documentary," "carefully researched and intriguing." It has been shown (twice) in Sweden, and will be shown throughout Europe. The problem is that the producers can't get it shown in the United States. One hears endlessly about the suppressions brought on by the Moral Majority. Well, the Moral Majority has no objection to *The KGB Connections: An Investigation into Soviet Operations in North America*. What goes on?

ABC put up one-third of the money for the production, in return for the option to show part of it in the United States. The option time came—and went. An official from CBS showed interest in it—but there followed a lesion of interest. NBC seemed to be interested not at all.

Now, *The KGB Connections* would be gripping film-fare if it were discussing the means by which the Spartans undermined the Athenians during the Peloponnesian War. But its involvement with real people, existing situations, and ongoing threats elevates it to more than mere television drama. It is the story of a huge, and hugely successful, offensive against the Free World. It is a Sears Roebuck catalogue of the devices, stratagems, techniques used by the Soviet Union and by its dupes and agents to affect policy, and to commit subversion.

The directors bring extraordinary material, for the first time, to the screen. Here is Hede Massing, one-time wife of Soviet agent Gerhardt Eisler, calmly, intelligently, and even coquettishly discussing her role as a Soviet agent, her knowledge of Alger Hiss within a Soviet cell. Nathaniel Weyl is there also, recalling Alger Hiss. The use of vanity, sex, money, blackmail is discussed, not fictitiously, but through interviews with defectors. You see them on the screen. You see the results of their machinations. In some cases their faces are blanked out, to give them protection.

Castro and his agents make considerable appearances; and we learn of the uses of the United Nations, whose most prominent recent defector calmly estimates the extent to which the Secretariat is penetrated by the KGB. There are wonderful scenes of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, and of its aerial contrivances by which conversations are picked up and recorded. The Soviets held out for high land in Washington, on which to perch their new embassy—the better to intercept the airwaves. By contrast the United States, which labored for a generation for space in Moscow to replace a dilapidated structure, was given territory in a sort of swampland. At this moment there are two trials going on in which espionage for the Soviet Union is alleged. None of this would surprise anyone who had seen, and reflected on, this remarkable documentary.

WHY doesn't Mr. Norman Lear, the famous producer who is so exercised by the intimidations of the far Right, come out and sponsor the viewing of this illuminating documentary? But Mr. Lear has been silent on the matter. Why? Because only Archie Bunker believes in the reality of Soviet subversion? Mr. Benjamin Stein wrote a most remarkable book about Hollywood, *The View from Sunset Boulevard*, in which he mused on its monolithic position on social issues. All businessmen and generals are evil, all investigative reporters and freedom-fighters are good: but not, one gathers, investigative reporters who are curious about the past and present activity of the Communist brotherhood, or fighters who fight other than for the freedom of North Vietnam, unimpeded, to tyrannize over South Vietnam.

The KGB Connections is so striking a drama, so thoroughly newsworthy, so legitimately entertaining, that its absence from the television screen is prima-facie evidence that after all it is true—we don't have full freedom of the press. □

'DISCUSSION' WITH THE PLO

New York, Oct. 16—Among the clichés fit and ready for euthanasia is the one that goes, "We should at least open up discussions with . . ." While it is true that without discussions, discussion does not go forward, it is also true that with discussions, not very much, if anything, need go forward. The ganglion of world discussion is the United Nations. It is difficult to think of anything accomplished by the United Nations worth accomplishing, extremely easy to think of mischievous things accomplished by the United Nations after full discussion. Which brings us, of course, to the Palestine Liberation Organization.

Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter, it struck this observer, chose an odd platform from which to tell the world that we needed, really, to negotiate with the PLO. It isn't established that the PLO was directly responsible for the death of the man whose funeral the two former Presidents were coming back from. But if the PLO had no hand in the assassination, it was simply because the opportunity didn't present itself. The PLO, through conspicuous representatives in Lebanon and elsewhere, literally danced in the streets to celebrate the death of Sadat, whose recognition of Israel, in exchange for the return of captured territory, was generally thought to be the seed of a peaceful solution to the Mideast problem.

It is not unnatural for men to rejoice over the death of a hard political enemy—much of the world rejoiced over the death of Genghis Khan, and the death of Stalin brought great joy. But the symbolism, in the current circumstances, was awry. Sadat, in recognizing Israel, broke with the Arab monolith. But he broke with the same monolith which the very purpose of our getting into discussions with the PLO would be to break. Sadat died having embraced the American posi-

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tion on the Mideast, which boils down to: Peace in the area, and security for Israel. If the PLO is going to be jubilant over the assassination of the head of a state that made concessions exactly of the character we ask for in the area, then what really is there to discuss?

One recalls, not without mortification, the insistence, during the middle and late 1960s, that we negotiate with the North Vietnamese. It was not then accepted, because of the continuing inability of the West to accept ideological habits of mind, that "discussions" were viewed by the North Vietnamese simply as another means of carrying on a war. Mr. Kissinger took to commuting across the Atlantic Ocean for one after another of his secret rendezvous with the North Vietnamese negotiators. The exchanges are brilliantly described in Mr. Kissinger's memoirs. It was not until the Christmas bombing in 1972 that the North Vietnamese seriously negotiated. If it had not been for the emasculation of Richard Nixon by Watergate, the terms of the treaty of January 1973 might have provided the basis for a strategic settlement suitable to American and South Vietnamese interests. But when Mr. Nixon's weakness was perceived, the North Vietnamese began instantly to break the terms of the treaty. And when they found that, thanks to Senators Church, Javits, et al., they could do this with impunity, they geared up for the final push in the spring of 1975: the equivalent of that would be a final push against Israel two or three years after a "negotiated settlement" was reached.

THE STRATEGY of the Israelis is to deprive the enemy of the opportunity to consolidate such power as would effectively destroy Israel. In order to do this, certain security on the West Bank, and in the Golan Heights, is required. But it is also required that Palestinian irredentism cool. And this will not cool for so long as the stated, or even the implicit, goal of the Palestinians is the recovery of all the lands they lost as a result of the promises of Arthur Balfour two generations ago.

True, Messrs. Ford and Carter went through the ritual of announcing that PLO *de jure* recognition of Israel was indispensable to the matter of negotiation. But it wasn't this that captured the headlines. Rather, the apparently reasonable notion that negotiation precedes all progress. It does not. The devil negotiated with Faust, and won. We negotiated with the Russians at Yalta, and lost. Again, in Paris, we negotiated with the Vietnamese, and lost. We lost in Laos. We are threatened by the loss of Sadat. We are the nation who backed rulers in Afghanistan, Iran, Eastern Europe, South Vietnam. It was Carter himself who so jubilantly announced our desertion of Taiwan. What dreary auspices—the funeral of Anwar Sadat—in which to talk about the need for sitting down opposite Arafat. □

LEHRMAN FOR GOVERNOR

New York, Oct. 26—Now it can be told, to wit that Congressman Jack Kemp of New York was given the next thing to feudal pledges from several conservative prime movers in New York State, but that, for reasons unquestionably honorable, he has discreetly let his vassals go. The situation, in plain speech, is this. Over the years, Congressman Kemp has built up huge popularity, among Republican voters to be sure, but also among Democrats. Notwithstanding that he is associated with the Kemp-Roth approach to tax reduction (i.e., impartial reductions), and that Kemp-Roth is the victim of most of the establishment's ideological courts-martial, Kemp, in election after election, draws more and more Democrats to his corner, succeeding in 1980 in winning 82 per cent of the vote in a district near Niagara which is only one-half Republican.

Two years ago, the word went out to Jack Kemp that if he wished to run for senator against Jacob Javits, or for governor against Hugh Carey, most other candidates who lingered over the question whether to run for these offices would step aside. Kemp is one of the most decisive of men, on the floor of the Congress, or on the receiving end of a press conference. But he put off an answer: as he has done this time, when asked if he would like to run for governor of New York or senator (to replace either Mr. Carey or Mr. Moynihan). Such is his essential modesty and anxiety to please that he has never said, in as many words, "No —I wouldn't." But a week or so ago he ran past a deadline which he himself accepted as reasonable. Accordingly, those who believe that he had, in virtue of seniority and service performed, primary right to the designation, have—in many cases—decided whom, in the absence of Kemp, they want.

His name is Lewis Lehrman.

I must not give the impression that Lehrman is less than an enthusiastic choice of those who know him and his potential for public service.

But first, a word about him.

Lehrman grew up in Harrisburg, went to Yale, where he gained honors, going on to get an advanced degree while teaching. He left the academy to serve in the army, after which he went into the family business, to which he contributed gifts for administration and merchandising ingenuity that brought him considerable financial success. In 1972 he founded the Lehrman Institute, and began his withdrawal from active business life, so as to enter public life. The Institute is a very special place, as dozens upon dozens of men of affairs and from the academy would agree. It is entirely civilized at the creature-comfort level, but it is never left in doubt that the purpose of its meetings is to extract ideas, aperçus, biases—it all comes out, at the Lehrman Institute.

Lewis Lehrman, at age 43, has conquered the economic world and the world of higher thought. There is no academic company whose conversations would leave him embarrassed, or silent. His fierce concern for his country, for his wife and four children, has brought him to incline to run for public office, and it is the objective of his admirers to persuade him to do so.

TO BEGIN the other way around, what is the worst that can be said of him? Well, I suppose—in terms of the popular imagining of such questions—that he is in favor of a gold standard. That he is, puts him alongside the major figures in American history, and alongside what may well prove to be an economic avant garde. He admires, above all recent economist/philosophers, Jacques Rueff, whose influence on Charles de Gaulle was considerable, though not, alas, conclusive.

As governor of New York he would not, obviously, be situated to bring us to gold convertibility. But he would be situated to elaborate, from his high public position, on the theme that inflation is the most pressing of our domestic dangers. You hear this, mind you, not from a yahoo who makes Archie Bunker-type emunctory noises every time Edith complains of the high price of tomatoes. Lehrman understands that the disease of inflation can affect the soul-strings of a society. He opened an essay in the *Washington Post* last winter by quoting Cicero, "The budget should be balanced, the Treasury should be refilled, public debt should be reduced, the arrogance of officialdom should be tempered and controlled."

The totality of his involvement in the civic and charitable affairs of his state and his country is merely touched on by noting his associations with organizations devoted to welfare in Harlem, Jewish affairs, inner-city scholarship funds. In 1978, Lewis Lehrman was chairman of the New York State Republican Platform Committee. He was prominently endorsed for the position of Secretary of the Treasury under President Reagan. He would make—will make?—a brilliant public servant as governor of New York State. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A nephew of Uncle Sam (Latin word)
34 112 52 90 214 25 175 48 181

B. Open or possible to one (obs., OED)
42 41 128 143 202 220 118 145 124 153

C. A comic of the Twenties, by Fontaine Fox
53 71 7 21 32 65 68 75 80 88
99 109 155 159 190 205 216 186

D. Another name for the hawk moth or sphinx moth
62 35 40 56 64 6 87 17 95 168
30 100 107 115 122

E. Satisfactory
85 15 97 178 49 164 218 154 166

F. A combination of conservatives
119 14 165 187 61 66 113 121 211

G. What Earl Webb hit more of than any other Big Leaguer
139 12 59 84 92 106 111 116 129 176
193

H. Where an incorrigible child may wind up
148 11 108 39 86 184 101 142 191 196
9 96

I. In a cordial and friendly manner
3 23 44 89 31 78 125

J. Hibernian
163 28 46 16 98

K. A stream which empties into the Gulf of Mexico at Corpus Christi, Tex.
182 22 37 73 81 91 10 192 93 102
172

L. Annoys
200 131 94 1 55 82

M. What one pays to enter Yellowstone
206 132 147 189 45 183 197

N. Fungi
217 213 27 169 199 5 150 133

O. What people at *Middle Age* banquets ate besides the chicken and the smashed potatoes
26 54 18 58 63 203 76 69

P. Small herring-like fish
20 114 33 210 167 104 67 170 134

Q. Lynden Pindling's headquarters
60 24 36 194 136 127 144 151 174 185
19 47 51

R. Where toys that represent babies live
215 123 4 103 13 156 221 207 117 177

S. A hodgepodge
8 209 70 135 179 198 152 140

T. A disorderly mob
72 171 126 160 137 105

U. A comic of the Twenties, by Sol Hess and Art Carlson
83 208 77 110 141 161 212 38

V. A town southeast of Bucharest, Rumania
120 138 157 43

W. These are important to a detective
173 195 180 158 146 50 201 79

X. An important institution among the English "upper classes"
222 2 29 74 57 130 219 149 162 188
204

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1368 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

						1 L	2 X	3 I	4 R	5 N		6 D	7 C		8 S	9 H	10 K	11 H	
12 G	13 K	14 F	15 E	16 J		17 D	18 O		19 Q	20 P	21 C	22 K	23 I	24 Q	25 A	26 O	27 N	28 J	29 X
30 D			31 I	32 C	33 P	34 A	35 D	36 Q	37 K		38 U	39 H	40 D	41 B		42 B	43 V	44 I	45 M	46 J
47 Q	48 A	49 E		50 W	51 Q	52 A		53 C	54 O	55 L	56 D		57 X	58 O	59 G	60 Q		61 F	62 D
63 O	64 D	65 C		66 F	67 P	68 C	69 O	70 S		71 C	72 T		73 K	74 X	75 C	76 O	77 U	78 I	79 W
	80 C	81 K	82 L	83 U		84 G	85 E	86 H	87 D	88 C	89 I	90 A	91 K		92 G	93 K	94 L	95 D	96 H
	97 E	98 J	99 C	100D	101H	102K	103R	104P	105T	106G		107D	108H		109C	110U	111G	112A	
113F	114P		115D	116G	117R	118B	119F		120V	121F	122D	123R	124B	125I		126T	127Q	128B	129G
130X	131L	132M	133N		134P	135S	136Q	137T	138V		139G	140S	141U		142H	143B	144Q	145B	146W
147M	148H		149X	150N	151Q	152S	153B		154E	155C	156R	157V		158W	159C	160T	161U	162X	163J
164E	165F		166E	167P	168D		169N	170P	171T	172K		173W	174Q	175A	176G		177R	178E	179S
180W	181A	182K	183M		184H	185Q	186C		187F	188X	189M	190C		191H	192K	193G		194Q	195W
196H	197M		198S	199N	200L	201W	202B		203Q		204X	205C	206M	207R	208U	209S	210P	211F	
212U	213N	214A	215R	216C		217N	218E	219X		220B	221R	222X							

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She can't wear a Ming vase to La Bohème.

Born out of fire and ice more than a hundred million years ago. Every diamond is unique. But a diamond this large is even more precious. A gift so rare, it can never be measured. Until you see the look in her eyes.

THE DIAMOND SOLITAIRE.
A RARE GIFT.

The one and a quarter carat diamond bracelet shown is enlarged for detail.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

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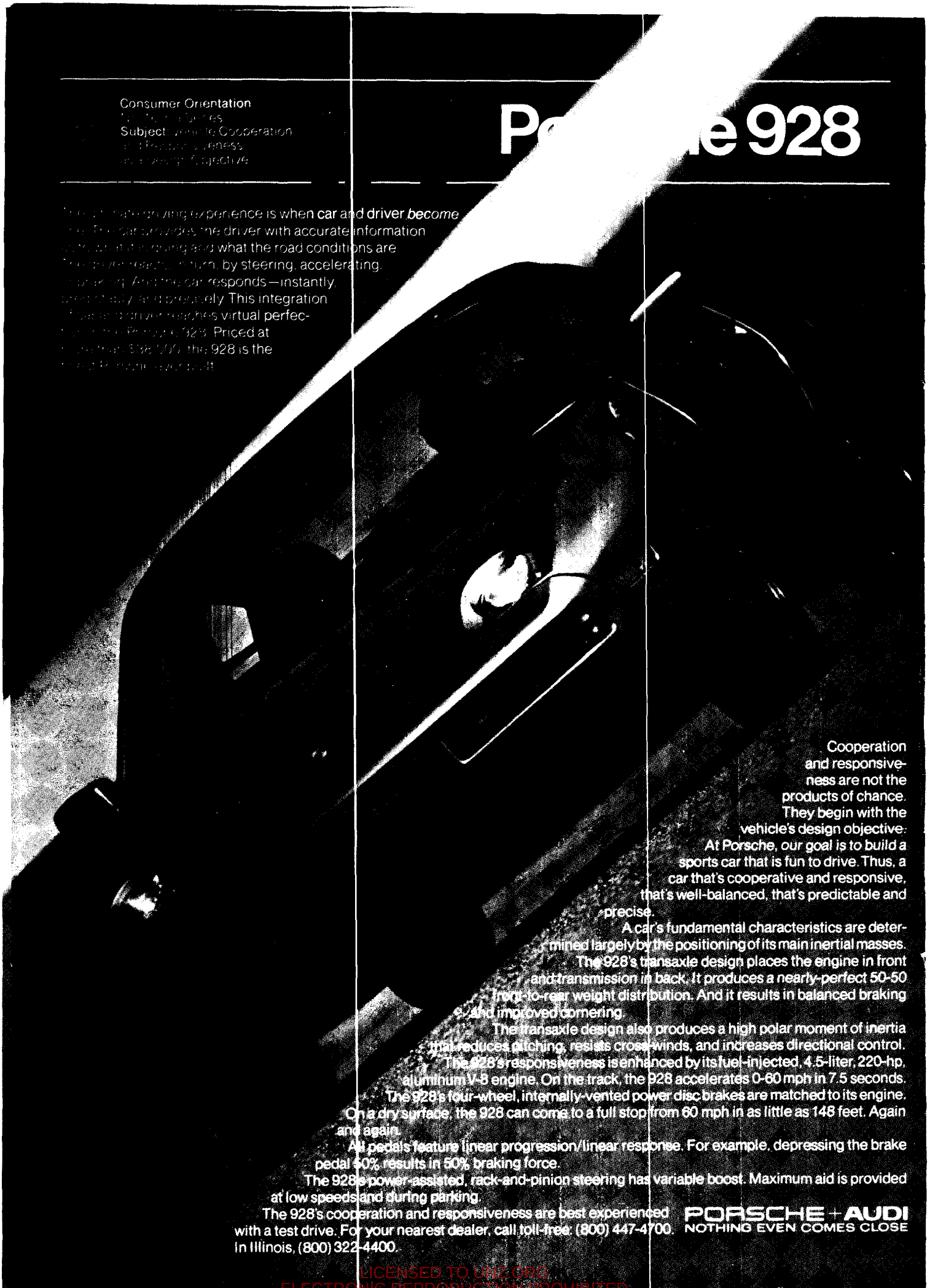
Consumer Orientation
[illegible]
Subject: Automobile Cooperation
[illegible]
[illegible]

Porsche 928

[illegible] experience is when car and driver *become* [illegible]. The car provides the driver with accurate information [illegible] what the road conditions are [illegible] by steering, accelerating, [illegible]. And the car responds—instantly, [illegible] precisely. This integration [illegible] driver matches virtual perfec- [illegible] Porsche 928. Priced at [illegible] this 928 is the [illegible]



Cooperation and responsiveness are not the products of chance. They begin with the vehicle's design objective. At Porsche, our goal is to build a sports car that is fun to drive. Thus, a car that's cooperative and responsive, that's well-balanced, that's predictable and precise.

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The 928's responsiveness is enhanced by its fuel-injected, 4.5-liter, 220-hp, aluminum V-8 engine. On the track, the 928 accelerates 0-60 mph in 7.5 seconds.

The 928's four-wheel, internally-vented power disc brakes are matched to its engine. On a dry surface, the 928 can come to a full stop from 60 mph in as little as 148 feet. Again and again.

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